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Farewell God bless you

John Brown

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THE

JOHN BROWN INVASION

AN

AUTHENTIC HISTORY

OF THE

HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY

WITH FULL DETAILS OF THE

CAPTURE, TRIAL, AND EXECUTION OF THE INVADERS,

AND OF ALL THE INCIDENTS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

WITH A LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—JOHN 15: 13.

Had I interfered in the manner which I admit—and which I admit has been fairly proved—in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

JOHN BROWN'S ADDRESS TO THE COURT.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES CAMPBELL.
FOR SALE BY J. J. DYER & CO., A. WILLIAMS & CO., FEDERHEN & CO.,
AND BY NEWSMEN AND PERIODICAL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE FREE STATES.
1860.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859,
By Thomas Drew,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of this history of the John Brown Invasion, the compiler has endeavored to give a faithful and connected narrative of events in the order of their occurrence. Noticing with what eager desire everything relating to the affair was sought by all classes of people, and the especial interest that was manifested in every circumstance that related personally to "The Hero of Harper's Ferry," he has sought to combine in these pages every fact and incident relating to the event, which the friends and admirers of the man would wish to preserve, as mementoes of the simplicity of his character, the nobility of his purposes, the disinterestedness of his motives, the sublime heroism of his deeds, and the remarkable piety by which he was governed and sustained.

The portrait which accompanies the work is pronounced by Captain Brown's New England friends as the best ever taken. It is lithographed by Bufford, in the very best style of the art, from a photograph by Whipple, and will be recognized by all who were familiar with the features of the original, as a faithful delineation of the features of him, who has so recently and so forcibly illustrated the lines of the poet, that

> "Whether on the scaffold high,
> Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place for man to die
> Is where he dies for man."

THOMAS DREW.

BOSTON, Dec. 21, 1859.

THE JOHN BROWN INVASION.

The first newspaper accounts of the invasion of Harper's Ferry, based upon telegraphic despatches and the reports of frightened and excited passengers by the cars, were of the most alarming character. The Baltimore Patriot, of the 17th of October, had the following:—

We learn by telegraph from Frederick that a negro insurrection of a very serious nature had broken out at Harper's Ferry, at 10 o'clock last night; the negroes, headed by some 250 whites, supposed to be Abolitionists, and that the insurgents have taken possession of the U. S. Arsenal, carried off a wagon load of rifles, and had sent them over into Maryland. They have also cut the telegraph wires east and west of the Ferry, so as to prevent communication. The information was forwarded from Frederick. . . . The train due at five o'clock passed the Monocacy at eight, and arrived here a little before twelve o'clock. We are indebted to C. W. Armstrong, Esq., of New York, and W. C. Warren, Esq., of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, passengers on the train just in, who have kindly furnished us with the following information:

The leader of the party called himself S. C. Anderson, and who had about 200 men, all armed with Minnie rifles, spears and pistols, who said he expected a reinforcement of 1,500 men by 7 o'clock this morning. Every avenue to the Ferry was strongly guarded by this banditti, and the conductor of the Eastern express, Capt. Phelps, was informed by Anderson that no more trains should pass. Capt. P.'s train left at six, having been detained five hours at the Ferry. It is true that the negro Haywood, a porter, was shot; but was not killed, as stated by telegraph. Captain Phelps pursued the insurgents, and fired upon them twice when first assailed; they returning the fire, and threatening that if he did not yield they would shoot every passenger in the train, and then fire the town. One of the passengers, Mr. Logan of this city, was arrested on the bridge and was searched for arms. Mr. Logan attributes his escape to saying that he was from Ohio. After telling him that they were fighting for freedom, he gave them to understand he was in favor of their movements, and they then manifested some more leniency toward him and let him off. Mr. Logan was very thankful to get off so easily, as he had $10,000 on his person, which was untouched.

The passengers, especially the ladies, were greatly alarmed, and feared the party was a gang of robbers who intended to rob the Government Treasury, which contained $15,000, and might also rob them. The information is that the rifles were brought down from the works on the Shenandoah, and the parties at the Ferry were armed

with them, and the wagon which brought them down afterward drove off with outriders, and it was supposed, when the train left, that they had taken off the treasure in the wagon. The band appeared to be well drilled, and Capt. Anderson had entire control, as his men were very obedient to his orders.

It is thought some 100 negroes were engaged in the insurrection. We learn also that before the train arrived at the Ferry, about midnight, the insurgents had arrested all the watchmen, except an Irishman, who escaped them and gave the alarm to Capt. Phelps when his train came in.

Just before this train left, Capt. Anderson mounted one of the cars and told them to go off quietly and quickly, and none of them should be hurt; but there was no telling what would be the consequence if they prolonged their stay. They were very glad to hear this, and started at once.

It appears very strange, but our informant tells us that these banded ruffians act with great coolness in all their movements,—having countersigns, and otherwise are well disciplined. No one of them was known about the Ferry, all being strangers, and where they came from none could tell. Capt. Anderson was about 60 years of age, with a heavy white beard—cool—collected, but with a determined and desperate demeanor. The whole thing is shrouded in mystery which we trust soon will be cleared up—the desperadoes captured and dealt with as their outlawry and murderous conduct justly deserve.

The Baltimore American of the 18th contained some particulars of the affair, derived from the statements of Conductor Phelps, Mr. Cromwell, baggage master, and Mr. Woolley, the engineer. The latter stated "that he took particular notice of the crowd, which he thinks numbered at least three hundred persons; that among them were several strapping negroes, who occasionally shouted out that they longed for liberty, as they had been in bondage long enough. The ringleader, who is said to be named Anderson, made his appearance at Harper's Ferry five or six days ago, and since that time has been driving around the place in an elegant barouche drawn by two horses."

Another account contains the following information:—

The express train, in which our informant was passenger, reached Harper's Ferry about 1 o'clock this morning. On arriving, the clerk of the Wager House informed Capt. Phelps, conductor of the train, that serious trouble was existing in the town, and there were great apprehensions of danger.

He stated that a large body of men had mysteriously come into town during the evening and night, from the surrounding country, and were about to take possession of the place—that they had already shot one man dead and mortally wounded another, both of whom were connected with the railroad company as watchman and baggage agent, or patrol watchman.

Another person was ascertained to have been severely wounded, and, being missing, it was thought he had been thrown into the river. The insurrectionists, when they approached the conductor of the train, were armed with muskets, and notified him in the most peremptory manner that if he attempted to proceed further it would be at the risk of his life.

The bridge across the Potomac was filled with the insurgents, all of whom were armed. The conductor deemed it most prudent to remain, as he feared some terrible accident in attempting to cross the bridge, supposing its arches or timbers might have been cut.

Every light in the town had been previously extinguished by the lawless mob. The train, therefore, remained stationary, and the passengers, terribly affrighted, remained in the cars all night.

A countryman who had come into the town with a wagon-load of wheat, was arrested by the insurgents, and pressed into their service.

It was stated that a large number of muskets and considerable ammunition were found in his wagon, which they armed themselves with. It is thought this was a blind to procure arms, and fully understood by the outlaws as a part of their plan.

All the streets were in possession of the mob, and every road, lane and avenue leading to the town guarded or barricaded by them.

The men were seen in every quarter with muskets and bayonets. It was thought that there were not less than from two hundred and fifty to three hundred of the insurgents. They arrested every citizen they could find, and upon threats of death pressed them into their service. This was done without respect to persons, including many negroes.

This done, the United States Arsenal, the Government pay-house, in which, it is said, a large amount of money was deposited on Saturday, including, also, all the other public works, were taken possession of by the mob, appropriating to themselves arms, ammunition and other weapons of defence.

Some were of opinion that the object was one of plunder, to rob the Government of the funds. A full wagon-load of guns were given from the arsenal to belligerents outside.

The Captain of the outlaw band, or a person who seemed to be prime mover, was a middle-aged man with grey hair, beard, and mustache. His name was signed to a paper, or note, as Andreas, or something similar thereto.

He assumed to be the chief of the insurrectionists, and was heard to say, in addressing the conductor, that "if you knew me and understood my motives as well as I and others understand them, you would not blame me so much."

This person also announced in a bold, determined manner, that if he was interfered with or resisted, his party would instantly set fire to the town and destroy it, with everything therein. He likewise threatened to burn down the railroad bridge, and cut off all communication.

The citizens were in a terrible state of consternation, most of them being shut up in their houses, and not a light to be seen in the street or anywhere around.

The belligerents seemed to evince no actual antipathy against the railroad. What Government employees they could find were captured by them, and pressed into their service, being forced under threats to take up arms. In another speech the marauder chief was heard to exclaim, "If you knew my heart and history, you would not blame me."

They were instantly placed in the arsenal. The insurgents exhibited indomitable boldness, and declare they cannot be taken captive.

Our informant states that the consternation was intense. It was difficult to divine the cause of this outbreak or attack. Some are of opinion it was a bold, concerted scheme to rob the Government pay-house of funds believed to have been deposited there on Friday or Saturday previous. Others imagined it might have been a demonstration of Abolitionists connected with some negro affair.

About five or half-past five o'clock this morning the deputation of armed insurgents approached the conductor and gave him five minutes to start his train and cross the bridge. He accepted the offer and started, crossing the bridge in safety, though with great fears, through a dense throng of armed marauders, who had taken possession of it.

When our informant left, the whole town, Government works and everything else were in the hands of the insurgents, who seemed to be gradually receiving reinforcements, composed of negroes and white men from the surrounding country.

One man was killed instantly; another was found, having been shot through the body, and believed to be dying. A good deal of firing was heard at different surrounding points.

The negroes were armed or given arms instantly upon being pressed into the service of the outlaw band. The ringleaders were desperate and determined.

No passenger belonging to the railroad train was injured, nor did there appear to be any disposition on the part of the outlaws to molest them beyond detaining the cars. There were but few ladies on board.

The Baltimore Exchange had the following:—

We were informed last night that Anderson, the leader of the rioters, is a noted Abolitionist agent of the underground railroad. He is from Troy, N. Y., and has heretofore made frequent visits to Harper's Ferry. His conduct towards the black population on these occasions had been noticed, and involved him in suspicion. He is represented as a most determined and dangerous man, and one who is likely to cause a great deal of trouble before he will yield. The negroes rely upon him, and will implicitly obey his directions.

Here are some specimens of the telegraphic dispatches which aroused the country to the alarming outbreak:

MONOCACY BRIDGE, Oct. 17—11-25, P. M.

The statements in regard to the difficulties at Harper's Ferry, which were current at the time of my departure from Baltimore, are fully confirmed. The baggage-master of the eastern bound train, this morning, was taken prisoner and carried to the armory, where he found 600 negroes and from 200 to 300 white men in arms. Nearly all the inhabitants of the town had deserted it, though some few still remained. A man named William Smith, was said to be the principal leader. Simpson, the baggage-master, was escorted across the bridge by six armed negroes, and there released; the carriage of a Mr. Washington was stopped near the Ferry, and his servants carried off by force. Two companies of military are now at Sandy Hook, a village one mile east of Harper's Ferry, where they are awaiting the arrival of the Baltimore troops.

In our train, in addition to the soldiers from Baltimore, are three companies of marines from Washington. Col. Lee, who is in a following train, will have charge of the whole force, and bears with him orders to pursue and capture the insurrectionists wherever they can be found.

It is impossible to describe the excitement of the people throughout the entire country. Rumors of every sort are flying about; among them a report that the insurrectionists are capturing the owners of slaves, and driving the latter into Harper's Ferry, where they are immediately furnished with arms. The insurgents say that they are determined to free all the slaves in that section of the country, and are provided with spades and picks, with which they will entrench themselves and offer a resolute resistance. It is reported here that no less than six persons have been killed at the Ferry. Our train will proceed immediately to Sandy Hook, and, if deemed prudent, will push on to the scene of riot. We have information that troops have left Martinsburg to operate against the insurgents on the west side of the town. The

bridge at Harper's Ferry forms a curve in crossing the river, and if defended with obstinacy, will cause our troops considerable trouble.

MONOCACY, Oct. 17.

The following are all the particulars that can be gathered at this point, relative to the outrages going on at Harper's Ferry.

The mail train bound west, got as far as Sandy Hook, when Walter Simpson, the baggage-master, and Mr. Trasher, started on foot to the bridge. Simpson and Trasher went through, but were taken and put in prison. They went before the captain of the insurrectionists, and he has refused to let anything pass. All the eastward bound trains are lying west of the Ferry. The insurrectionists have been taking persons from this side of the river, tying them up, and taking off all their slaves.

The mail train bound west, has returned to this station. There is said to be from 500 to 700 whites and blacks in the outbreak.

FREDERICK, Oct. 17.

The engine and train from here have just returned, being unable to proceed through Harper's Ferry.

Your correspondent has just seen a letter from a merchant of Harper's Ferry, which was sent by two boys over the mountain, and who had to swim the river to escape the insurrectionists. The letter states that almost all the leading people of Harper's Ferry are in jail, and that several had been killed!

The robbers have all the works in their possession, and have taken the money from the vaults. The powder-house is in their possession, and they will not permit any one to leave the town.

F. Beckham, the railroad agent, was shot twice by the gang. They are said to be disguised — the whites being painted as blacks.

The attack was first made at 12 o'clock last night. The watchman at the railroad depot was shot dead.

The facts of the case soon became known. Anderson, *alias* Smith, turned out to be Capt. John Brown, of Kansas, and the army of 300 to 700 negroes consisted of twenty-two men, all told. It appears that sixteen or seventeen of these men took possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, while six of them went along the turnpike road which leads to Charlestown, and went immediately to the residence of Lewis Washington, Esq., captured him, and carried him off to the Ferry. On their way they also took possession of John H. Alstadt and his servants, and confined them also in the arsenal. Brown received the prisoners there, and told them to make themselves comfortable, adding, "By and by I shall require each of you to write to one of your friends, to send a stout negro man in your place." Col. Washington had a sword, which was given to Gen. Washington by Frederick the Great. This was taken and carried to the armory, and Brown carried it all day on Monday until after the arrival of the military, telling Col. W. he should endeavor to return it to him after he was released.

Among other prisoners at the armory, were Armistead Ball, master machinist, Albert Grist, Joseph A. Brewer, A. M. Kitzmiller, Reason Cross, John P. Dangerfield, Mayer Mills, master-armorer, Isaac Russell, Terence Burns, and others. These

men testified on the trial of Brown, to the events which occurred on Monday. Brown professed to these men that his sole object was to free slaves from bondage. About noon, on Monday, the troops from Charlestown, under command of Col. Gibson, began to arrive. A portion took position on Camp Hill; others crossed the Potomac about a mile west of the Ferry, marched down the Maryland side, and took possession of the Potomac Bridge; others took possession of the Galt House, in the rear of the Arsenal. About three, P. M., other companies arrived, and Col Baylor took the command. These movements were not effected without severe fighting. The following account of a severe skirmish, is given by an eye-witness:—

The first attack was made by a detachment of the Charlestown Guards, which crossed the Potomac river above Harper's Ferry, and reached a building where the insurgents were posted by the canal, on the Maryland side. Smart firing occurred, and the rioters were driven from the bridge. One man was killed here, and another was arrested. A man ran out, and tried to escape by swimming the river; a dozen shots were fired after him; he partially fell, but rose again, threw his gun away, and drew his pistols, but both snapped; he drew his bowie-knife and cut his heavy accoutrements off, and plunged into the river. One of the soldiers was about ten feet behind; the man turned round, threw up his hands, and said, "don't shoot!" The soldier fired, and the man fell into the water with his face blown away. His coat-skirts were cut from his person, and in the pockets was found a captain's commission to Capt. E. H. Leeman, from the Provisional Government. The commission was dated Oct. 15, 1859, and signed by John Brown, Commander-in-chief of the army of the Provisional Government of the United States. A party of five of the insurrectionists, armed with Minie rifles, and posted in the rifle Armory, were expelled by the Charlestown Guards. They all ran for the river, and one, who was unable to swim, was drowned. The other four swam out to the rocks in the middle of the Shenandoah, and fired upon the citizens and troops upon both banks. This drew upon them the muskets of between 200 and 300 men, and not less than 400 shots were fired upon them from Harper's Ferry, about 200 yards distant. One was finally shot dead; the second, a negro, attempted to jump over the dam, but fell shot, and was not seen afterward; the third was badly wounded, and the remaining one was taken unharmed. The white insurgent, wounded and captured, died in a few moments after, in the arms of our informant; he was shot through the breast and stomach. He declared that there were only nineteen whites engaged in the insurrection. For nearly an hour a running and random firing was kept up by the troops against the rioters. Several were shot down, and many managed to limp away wounded. During the firing, the women and children ran shrieking in every direction, but when they learned that the soldiers were their protectors, they took courage, and did good service in the way of preparing refreshments and attending the wounded. Our informant, who was on the hill where the firing was going on, says all the terrible scenes of a battle passed in reality before his eyes. Soldiers could be seen pursuing, singly and in couples, and the crack of a musket or rifle was generally followed by one or more of the insurgents biting the dust. The dead lay in the streets where they fell. The wounded were cared for.

The Shepardstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side, and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fontaine Beckham, mayor of the town, and agent of

the railroad company, entering his breast, and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without fire-arms, and was exposed for only a moment while approaching a water-station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine-house, where his body was found next day.

The death of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised the cry to bring out the prisoner, Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge, and there shot down. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

RESCUE OF PRISONERS.

While this was going on, the Martinsburg levies arrived at the upper end of the town, and entering the Armory grounds by the rear, made an attack from that side. This force was largely composed of railroad employees, gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering, and led by Capt. Albertis, they carried the building in which the Armory men were imprisoned, and released the whole of them. They were, however, but poorly armed, some with pistols and others with shot-guns; and when they came within range of the engine-house, where the *elite* of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to the rapid and dexterous use of Sharpe's rifles, they were forced to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evans Dorsey, of Baltimore, was killed instantly, and Conductor George Richardson received a wound, from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.

OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

A guerrilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of two of the insurrectionists, and the wounding of a third. One crawled out through a culvert leading into the Potomac, and attempted to cross to the Maryland side. He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. A light mulatto was shot just outside the Armory gate. The ball went through the throat, tearing away the principal arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he is one of the free negroes who came with Brown. His body was left in the street until noon, exposed to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace.

At this time, a tall, powerful man, named Aaron Stephens, came out from the Armory, conducting some prisoners, it was said. He was twice shot—once in the side, once in the breast. He was then captured and taken to a tavern, and after the insurrection was quelled, was turned over to the United States authorities in a precarious condition. During the afternoon a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized Hall's rifle works, and a party of their assailants found their way in through a mill-race and dislodged them.

In this encounter, it was said, three insurrectionists were killed, but only one dead body was found, that of a negro, on that side of the town. Night by this time had set in, and operations ceased.

The next day Brown's stronghold was assaulted by the U. S. Marines, and the war was put an end to. The following is the best account we have found of this event:—

THE ATTACK ON THE ARMORY.

From the Baltimore Exchange, October 19.

Firing was kept up during the afternoon between the insurgents and the people, but night closed in without any other persons being shot. During the evening and night several of the citizens and Col. Shriver visited the engine house under flags of truce, and conferred with Brown, for the purpose of inducing him to capitulate; but he would listen to no terms except that he and his men should be allowed a free and protected pass to the mountains. This the citizens refused to grant, and Brown assured them he would die fighting. At 12 o'clock, Col. Shriver visited Brown and offered him protection from the wrath of the people, and safe conduct to jail; but he scornfully refused it, saying he knew his men, and he preferred meeting it with his rifle in his hands to dying for the amusement of a crowd.

Before daybreak the U. S. Marines, Major Russell in immediate command, were marched into the Armory yard and positions assigned them, where they remained until daylight. The Maryland troops also crossed the bridge, and took positions on the different streets, together with the other military, U. S. Marines, Col. Lee in command. At 7 o'clock the streets were cleared of all persons except the military, and Lieut. Stewart, U. S. Dragoons, accompanied by Col. Samuel Strider of Harper's Ferry, bearing a flag of truce, went to the engine-house. They were received by Brown, who partially opened the door. Lieut. Stewart set forth in plain language the folly of further resistance,—the certainty of their capture either alive or dead,—and assured them of the protection of the U. S. Marines against any acts of violence which might be attempted by the people.

Brown was fixed and determined; he had drilled loopholes through the wall, to strengthen his defence; he would listen to nothing except a safe escort to the mountains. His men had wavered and were in favor of capitulating, but he would not allow such a step. After much fruitless exertion on the part of Lieut. Stewart, he left Brown. A squad of sixteen marines were stationed in line just below the engine-house, two of whom carried large sledges, and the rest Minie muskets. Further on were stationed another squad of the same number. Major Russell was commanding, and the flag of truce had but fairly left, when the order was given for the attack. The first named squad advanced, and the two marines dealt repeated heavy blows against the door without effect, when they were ordered to stand aside, and the other squad was ordered to take a very heavy ladder and use it as a ram to burst the door. In an instant their muskets were laid down, and taking hold of the ladder, at a distance of twenty-five yards from the door, they started at a full run and struck the door. It partially yielded to the shock. The marines retreated and gave a second blow, when two of the boards of the door yielded. A third blow shivered the door, and the order was given to enter. Major Russell, in the most cool and gallant manner, entered first, without weapons, with his right arm raised, demanding a surrender. A shot was fired at this moment by one of the insurgents, and the ball struck a marine named Quinn in the abdomen and passed through his body. He died of the wound. Another shot struck a marine named Luckins in the mouth, not seriously wounding him. The engine-house contained two fire-engines and a hose-carriage, which incommoded the marines greatly on entering. The citizens who were prisoners separated from the insurgents and were recognized by the marines, and none were injured.

After the Marines entered they were compeled to fire at the rebels. A son of Brown was killed—a ball passing through his body near the left nipple. J. P. Anderson was shot in the abdomen, and mortally wounded. Old Brown was cut to the floor by the sabre of Lieut. Green, of the Marines, who acted in a fearless manner. An insurgent named Edward Coppie, one of Brown's sons, who had been seriously wounded during Monday, and a negro named Gains, were taken prisoners. Two dead bodies were lying in the engine-house, one of which was that of James Hazlitt, of Ohio, and the other that of J. G. Johnson, of Connecticut. When the released citizens walked out of their prison they were hailed with most deafening cheers, and some of them expressed their gratitude for their deliverance by clasping the Marines in their arms. Lewis Washington was the last to show himself, and when he did the mountain sides reverberated with the shouts of the multitude, who had thronged the railroad platform, crowded the windows of all the houses in the vicinity and filled the different streets.

When the Marines brought out their prisoners an immense cry of "Hang them" filled the air, and young men with rifles jumped from the walls and the bridge into the Armory yard, and were pressing to where they were fully intent on killing them; but the Marines were ordered to protect them, and drive back those who were eager for their blood. The bodies of the dead and dying men were brought out and laid on the grass, and it was impossible to keep the crowd back. Capt. Brown told the crowd not to maltreat him, that he was dying, and that he would soon be beyond all injury. Major Russell had him conveyed into a room of one of the Departments, and kindly ordered all attention to be paid him. Brown looked up and, recognizing Major Russell, said, "You entered first. I could have killed you; but I spared you." In reply to which the Major bowed and said, "I thank you."

Major Russell kindly admited me to the room where Brown was lying, and I held the following conversation with him. I asked:

"What is your name—where were you born, and how old are you?"

"My name is John Brown. I am well known. I have been known as Old Brown of Kansas. I'm from Litchfield County, Connecticut, and have lived in divers places. Two of my sons were killed here to-day, and I'm dying too. I came here to liberate slaves, and was to receive no reward. I have acted from a sense of duty, and am content to await my fate; but I think the crowd have treated me badly. I'm an old man, and yesterday I could have killed whom I chose; but I had no desire to kill any person, and would not have killed a man had they not tried to kill me and my men. I could have sacked and burned the town, but did not; I have treated the persons whom I took as hostages kindly, and I appeal to them for the truth of what I say. I am 63 years old."

Reporter—"When did you first conceive this move?"

Brown—"While in Kansas. After my property was destroyed, one of my sons killed, and my happiness destroyed by the slave party of Kansas, I determined to be revenged. I also was moved in this matter by a hope to benefit the negroes."

Reporter—"Where did you get all your rifles and the pikes which are here? Who furnished you with them?"

Brown—"My own money. I did not receive aid from any man. Cook is not a son of mine. If I had succeeded in running off slaves this time, I could have raised twenty times as many men as I have now, for a similar expedition. But I have failed. I did not intend to stay here so long; but they (the citizens) deceived me by proposing compromises which they had no intention of carrying out. I am not in any man's employ."

Brown complained that the crowd who were clamerous for his blood were treating

him unkindly and unfairly, after the kindness and leniency he had shown the citizens and the town. He also said that he was fully convinced that he was dying in a righteous cause. The sum of $480 was found on his person, which was placed with the Paymaster for safe keeping.

CAPT. BROWN'S FIRST STATEMENTS.

A short time after Captain Brown was brought out he revived and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows: "Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?" "I am sometimes called so." "Are you Ossawatomie Brown?" "I tried to do my duty there." "What was your present object?" "To free the slaves from bondage." "Were any other persons but those with you now, connected with the movement?" "No." "Did you expect aid from the North?" "No; there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me." "Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your point?" "I did not wish to do so, but you force us to it." Various questions of this kind were put to Captain Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.

He urged that he had the town at his mercy; that he could have burned it and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done while bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction that whatever he had done to free slaves was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war.

He seemed fully covinced that he was badly treated, and had a right to complain. Although at first considered dying, an examination of his wounds proved that they were not necessarily fatal. He expressed a desire to live and to be tried by his country. In his pockets nearly $200 were found in gold. Several important papers, found in his possession, were taken charge of by Col. Lee, on behalf of the Government. To another, Brown said it was no part of his purpose to seize the public arms. He had arms and ammunition enough reshipped from Kansas. He only intended to make the first demonstration at this point, when he expected to receive a rapid increase of the allies from Abolitionists everywhere settled through Maryland and Virginia, sufficient to take possession of both States, with all of the negroes they could capture. He did not expect to encounter the Federal troops. He had only a general idea as to his course; it was to be a general southwest course through Virginia, varying as circumstances dictated or required. Mr. Washington reports that Brown was remarkably cool during the assault. He fell under two bayonet wounds — one in the groin, and one in the breast, and four sabre cuts on the head. During the fight he was supposed to be dead, or doubtless he would have been shot. He was not touched by a ball. The prisoners also state that Brown was courteous to them, and did not ill-use them, and made no abolition speech to them. Coppie, one of the prisoners, said he did not want to join the expedition, but added: "Ah, you gentlemen don't know Capt. Brown; when he calls for us we never think of refusing to come."

THE MURDER OF THOMPSON.

The following account of the murder of the prisoner Thompson, was given at the trial by Mr. Hunter, one of the witnesses: —

After Mr. Beckham, who was my grand-uncle, was shot, I was much exasperated, and started with Mr. Chambers to the room where the second Thompson was confined, with the purpose of shooting him. We found several persons in the room, and had levelled our guns at him, when Mrs. Foulke's sister threw herself before him, and begged us to leave him to the laws. We then caught hold of him, and dragged him out by the throat, he saying: "Though you may take my life, 80,000,000, will arise up to avenge me, and carry out my purpose of giving liberty to the slaves." We carried him out to the bridge, and two of us, levelling our guns in this moment of wild exasperation, fired, and before he fell, a dozen or more balls were buried in him; we then threw his body off the tressel work, and returned to the bridge to bring out the prisoner Stephens, and serve him in the same way; we found him suffering from his wounds, and probably dying; we concluded to spare him, and start after others, and shoot all we could find. I had just seen my loved uncle and best friend I ever had, shot down by those villainous Abolitionists, and felt justified in shooting any that I could find; I felt it my duty, and I have no regrets.

THE KILLED.

Brown lost two sons, Watson and Oliver Brown. The other persons killed on his side were Albert Hazlitt, of Pennsylvania, William Leeman, of Maine, Stewart Taylor, of Canada, Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, William Thompson, of New York, Adolph Thompson, of New York, John Kagi, of Ohio, Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, Dangerfield and Leary, negroes.

MUNITIONS OF WAR AND STORES.

On the day after the arrest of the invaders, a detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, where they found the following articles, viz.: — 102 Sharpe's rifles; 102 Massachusetts Arms Company's pistols; 56 Massachusetts Arms Company's powder flasks; 4 large powder flasks; 10 kegs gunpowder; 23,000 percussion rifle caps; 100,000 percussion pistol caps; 1,300 ball cartridges for Sharpe's rifles, some slightly damaged by water; 160 boxes Sharpe's primers; 14 lbs. lead balls; 1 old percussion pistol; 1 Major General's sword; 55 old bayonets; 12 old artillery swords; 483 standard spears; 150 broken handles for spears; 16 picks; 40 shovels, [the railroad way bill called for seven dozen, showing that more were to come]; 1 tin powder case; 1,500 pikes; together with a large quantity of stationery, clothing, etc. They also discovered a carpet-bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union.

GOVERNOR WISE'S SPEECH.

On his return to Richmond, Gov. Wise delivered an address to the Virginia soldiers worthy of Cæsar. We make some extracts from it, merely to give an idea of how a Governor feels after a victory. To commence with, is the following specimen of

HIGH-FALUTIN:

As telegraph upon telegraph met us on the way, that the fighting was still going on, informing us of the danger of the prisoners held as hostages by the marauders, and of the deaths in the assaults by the troops, your countenances were bright with the cheerfulness that you would be there in the imminent breach. No man turned pale, no cheek blanched; no face was blank, until, within a few miles of the scene, we learned that victory was won without the aid of your right arms. The brightness of your looks faded not until we found, when we got there, we were to look only upon the dead, the dying, and the wounded. On the way I reminded you that you were already known at home in the character of gentlemen, and that you were called on to win the character of soldiers. That character you have won. (Applause.)

"SOMEBODY," NOT VIRGINIA, DISGRACED.

What had happened? What summoned them to shoulder muskets and snatch weapons as they could? What had disturbed their peace? What threatened their safety and to sully their honor? Alas! to the disgrace of the nation, not of Virginia — I repel all imputation upon her — *but to the disgrace of somebody*, fourteen white ruffians and five negroes had been permitted to take the United States arsenal, with all its arms and treasure, and to hold it for twenty-four hours, at that Thermopylæ of America, Harper's Ferry — on the confines of two slave States, with the avowed object of emancipating their slaves at every hazard, and the very perpetration of the seizure and the imprisonment of the inhabitants, and of robbery and murder and treason!

DIDN'T CARE FOR HIS RIGHT ARM.

On Monday night that gallant and noble Virginia Colonel, Robert Lee, worthy of any service on earth, arrived with his regular corps of marines. He waited only for light. They tendered the assault, in State pride, to the Virginia volunteers who were there. Their feelings for the prisoners made them decline the risk of slaying their own friends, and Lee could not delay a moment to retake the arsenal, punish the impudent invaders, and release the prisoners at the necessary risk of their own lives. His gallantry was mortified that the task was so easy. He saw a United States armory in the possession of bandits, from the superintendence of which his profession had been ejected; and he felt that the regular army and his native State were alike dishonored. With mortification and chagrin inexpressible, he picked twelve marines and took the engine-house in ten minutes, with the loss of one marine killed and one wounded, without hurting a hair of one of the prisoners. *And now I say to you, that I would have given my right arm to its shoulder for that feat to have been performed by the volunteers of Virginia on Monday before the marines arrived there.* (Loud applause.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON WOULD HAVE CAUGHT IT.

The prisoners were the walls of the marauders—stronger, with our volunteers, than brick and mortar. They loved Washington, and Alstadt, and Mills, and other prisoners, and would n't risk their lives. This was wrong; but natural, and not cowardly.

I chided them for their mistake, and told them that had I arrived there in time, I would have stormed the stronghold in the shortest possible time; and that if General George Washington had been one of the prisoners, and even his life had been imperiled by the attack, it should not have been delayed five minutes. (Loud applause.) The lives outside, in this case, were as precious as the lives inside of the prison; and to prove that it was not inhumanity to risk the lives of prisoners, I would have gladly risked my own life to rescue them, at every hazard of their lives and my own. (Tremendous applause.) Such was my sense of degradation at allowing these marauders to hold that arsenal, with its prisoners, for five minutes, I would not have parleyed with them a moment,—I would have ordered the attack and led it. (Tremendous applause.) I would proudly have risked my life to have gotten my guard there in time, and to have taken the place with our own Virginia boys. (Applause.) I was ready to weep when I found the whole force overcome was only some twelve or fifteen men, and the Virginia volunteers had not captured them before Colonel Lee arrived.

THE CONSOLATION.

No negroes rose up to seize the arms he had captured. The negroes he had captured, as soon as they crossed the river with Cook and got out of his wagon, ran back in trepidation to their masters. All of Mr. Alstadt's returned, and all of Mr. Washington's but one—his carriage-driver's body, the one who drove wagons into town when his master was made prisoner, was found drowned, on Wednesday morning, in the Potomac. And this is the only consolation which I have to offer you in this disgrace, that the faithful slaves refused to take up arms against their masters; and those who were taken by force from their happy homes, deserted their liberators as soon as they could dare to make the attempt. (Applause.) Not a slave around was found faithless, and not one will have lost his life except the one of excellent character who was shot by Brown's party on the bridge, and except the servant of Colonel Washington whose body was found in the river, and whom Cook may have shot in his attempt to escape from him. Brown was not mad; but he was misinformed as to the temper and disposition of our slaves. He ought to have known that all the slaves on our northern borders are held, as it were, by sufferance—their own sufferance—that they can run to liberators in Pennsylvania easier than liberators can come to their emancipation. He was ignorant, it seems, of the patriarchal relations in which our slaves are everywhere held by their masters, and what bonds of affection and common interest exist between them and their masters.

OLD BROWN NOT A MADMAN.

And they are themselves mistaken who take him to be a madman. *He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected, and indomitable; and it is but just to him to say that he was humane to his prisoners, as attested to me by Colonel Washington and Mr. Mills, and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth.* He is a fanatic, vain, and garrulous: but firm, truthful, and intelligent. His men, too, who survive, except the five negroes with him, are like him. He professes to be a Christian in communion with the Congregationalist Church of the North, and openly preaches his purpose of universal emancipation, and the negroes themselves were to be the agents, by means of arms, led on by white commanders. . . . . And Colonel Washington says that he (Brown) was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

GERRIT SMITH—NO LYNCH LAW

Among other papers I found a letter of credit from one of the banks in the State of New York, informing Brown that Gerrit Smith had placed to his (Brown's) credit $100. That is now in the possession of the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney at Charlestown. It would not become me to counsel or countenance any one in doing to Gerrit Smith what Stephens and his party did to Colonel Washington — take him out of his bed at night and smuggle him off from home; but if any one should bring him to me, by fair or foul means, I will read him a moral lecture and send him back to his home if innocent, or secure him a fair and impartial trial if guilty of aiding and abetting these murders, robberies and treason. (Laughter and applause.) I remained in Harper's Ferry and went to Charlestown to protect the prisoners we now have in custody against "Lynch law," determined as I am that the laws shall reign whilst I am chief magistrate of this commonwealth. (Loud applause.) Our people were incensed beyond expression; but they felt, as I do, that it would be disgraceful and cowardly to murder their prisoners, after failing to take them for twenty-four hours. (Applause.) They were securely guarded and safely lodged in the Charlestown jail, to be tried in the Virginia court, under Virginia laws.

VIRGINIA, TO ARMS!

Under these circumstances, the last thing I did on Thursday morning was to organize a volunteer police guard on the Virginia border around the confines of the ground ceded for the arsenal; and I mean to inform the President of the United States that this guard will incidentally protect the arsenal and property of the United States until we shall make a permanent and safe provision for protection. (Applause.) I armed this guard with part of the rifles captured from Brown. And I shall go on arming and supplying ammunition to our frontiers until every neighborhood where there are slaves has the means of self-defence. Virginia and the other slaveholding States must rely on themselves. This is a severe lesson, and we must profit at once by its teachings. It urges upon us stronger than proclamations, the necessity for the thorough organization, arming and drilling of our militia. I shall implore the people to organize and take arms in their hands and to practise the use of arms, and I will cause depots to be established for fixed ammunition along our borders and at every assailable point. As for myself, I have manifested only my devotion to the duty of protecting the honor of the State of Virginia, and the safety of the lives and property of her people. I regret that it has been my fortune to do so little. (Applause.) But I thank you, gentlemen, one and all, for this compliment, as I more than thank you again for your gallant and noble services.

A CONVERSATION WITH BROWN.

A correspondent of the New York Herald visited Harper's Ferry on the 18th and 19th of October, and was present at an interview between Senator Mason, Congressman Vallandigham, and the prisoner, Brown. He writes as follows: —

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 19, 1859.

"Old Brown," or "Ossawatomie Brown," as he is often called, the hero of a dozen fights or so with the "border ruffians" of Missouri, in the days of "bleeding Kansas," is the head and front of this offending — the commander of the filibuster army. His wounds, which at first were supposed to be mortal, turn out to be mere flesh-wounds and scratches, not dangerous in their character. He has been removed, together with Stephens, the other wounded prisoner, from the engine-room to the office

of the Armory, and they now lie on the floor, upon miserable shake-downs, covered with some old bedding.

Brown is fifty-five years of age, rather small-sized, with keen and restless grey eyes, and a grizzly beard and hair. He is a wiry, active man, and, should the slightest chance for an escape be afforded, there is no doubt that he will yet give his captors much trouble. His hair is matted and tangled, and his face, hands, and clothes, all smoked and smeared with blood. Colonel Lee stated that he would exclude all visitors from the room if the wounded men were annoyed or pained by them, but Brown said he was by no means annoyed; on the contrary, he was glad to be able to make himself and his motives clearly understood. He converses freely, fluently and cheerfully, without the slightest manifestation of fear or uneasiness, evidently weighing well his words, and possessing a good command of language. His manner is courteous and affable, and he appears to make a favorable impression upon his auditory, which, during most of the day yesterday, averaged about ten or a dozen men.

When I arrived in the Armory, shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon, Brown was answering questions put to him by Senator Mason, who had just arrived from his residence at Winchester, thirty miles distant, Col. Faulkner, member of Congress, who lives but a few miles off, Mr. Vallandigham, member of Congress of Ohio, and several other distinguished gentlemen. The following is a *verbatim* report of the conversation:

Mr. Mason — Can you tell us, at least, who furnished money for your expedition?

Mr. Brown — I furnished most of it myself. I cannot implicate others. It is by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself from it had I exercised my own better judgment, rather than yielded to my feelings.

Mr. Mason — You mean if you had escaped immediately?

Mr. Brown — No; I had the means to make myself secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be surrounded by a force by being too tardy.

Mr. Mason — Tardy in getting away?

Mr. Brown — I should have gone away, but I had thirty old prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill. For this reason I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on. I did it only to spare the feelings of those passengers and their families, and to allay the apprehensions that you had got here in your vicinity, of a band of men who had no regard for life and property, nor any feeling of humanity.

Mr. Mason — But you killed some people passing along the street quietly.

Mr. Brown — Well, sir, if there was anything of that kind done, it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens, who were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible means were taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, nor even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly, and did not return it.

A Bystander — That is not so. You killed an unarmed man at the corner of the house over there, (at the water-tank,) and another besides.

Mr. Brown — See here, my friend, it is useless to dispute or contradict the report of your own neighbors who were my prisoners.

Mr. Mason — If you would tell us who sent you here — who provided the means — that would be information of some value.

Mr. Brown — I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself — I will answer anything I can with honor, but not about others.

Mr. Vallandigham, (member of Congress from Ohio, who had just entered,) — Mr. Brown, who sent you here.

Mr. Brown — No man sent me here; it was my own prompting and that of my Maker, or that of the devil, whichever you please to ascribe it to. I acknowledge no man in human form.

Mr. Vallandigham — Did you get up the expedition yourself?

Mr. Brown — I did.

Mr. Vallandigham — Did you get up this document that is called a constitution?

Mr. Brown — I did. They are a constitution and ordinance of my own contriving and getting up.

Mr. Vallandigham — How long have you been engaged in this business?

Mr. Brown — From the breaking of the difficulties in Kansas. Four of my sons had gone there to settle, and they induced me to go. I did not go there to settle, but because of the difficulties.

Mr. Mason — How many are engaged with you in this movement? I ask those questions for our own safety.

Mr. Brown — Any questions that I can honorably answer, I will, not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told everything truthfully. I value my word, sir.

Mr. Mason — What was your object in coming?

Mr. Brown — We came to free the slaves, and only that.

A young man (in the uniform of a volunteer company) — How many men in all had you?

Mr. Brown — I came to Virginia with eighteen men only, besides myself.

Volunteer — What in the world did you suppose you could do here in Virginia with that amount of men?

Mr. Brown — Young man, I don't wish to discuss that question here.

Volunteer — You could not do anything.

Mr. Brown — Well, perhaps your ideas and mine on military subjects would differ materially.

Mr. Mason — How do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown — I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity — I say it without wishing to be offensive — and it would be perfectly right in any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason — I understand that.

Mr. Brown — I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

Lieut. Stewart — But you don't believe in the Bible.

Mr. Brown — Certainly I do.

Mr. Vallandigham — Where did your men come from? Did some of them come from Ohio?

Mr. Brown — Some of them.

Mr. Vallandigham — From the Western Reserve? None came from Southern Ohio?

Mr. Brown — Yes, I believe one came from below Steubenville, down not far from Wheeling.

Mr. Vallandigham — Have you been in Ohio this summer?

Mr. Brown — Yes, sir.

Mr. Vallandigham — How lately?

Mr. Brown — I passed through to Pittsburg on my way, in June.

Mr. Vallandigham — Were you at any county or State fair there?

Mr. Brown — I was not — not since June.

Mr. Mason — Did you consider this a military organization, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not yet read it.

Mr. Brown — I did in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.

Mr. Mason — You considered yourself the commander-in-chief of these "provisional" military forces.

Mr. Brown — I was chosen agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, commander-in-chief of that force.

Mr. Mason — What wages did you offer?

Mr. Brown — None.

Lieut. Stewart — "The wages of sin is death."

Mr. Brown — I would not have made such a remark to you, if you had been a prisoner, and wounded, in my hands.

A Bystander — Did you not promise a negro in Gettysburg, twenty dollars a month?

Mr. Brown — I did not.

Bystander — He says you did.

Mr. Vallandigham — Were you ever in Dayton, Ohio?

Mr. Brown — Yes, I must have been.

Mr. Vallandigham — This summer?

Mr. Brown — No; a year or two since.

Mr. Mason — Does this talking annoy you?

Mr. Brown — Not the least.

Mr. Vallandigham — Have you lived long in Ohio?

Mr. Brown — I went there in 1850; I lived in Summit County, which was then Trumbull County; my native place is in York State; my father lived there till his death, in 1805.

Mr. Vallandigham — Do you recollect a man in Ohio, named Brown, a noted counterfeiter.

Mr. Brown — I do; I knew him from a boy. His father was Henry Brown; they were of Irish or Scotch descent, and he had a brother also engaged in that business. When boys, they could not read nor write; they were of a very low family.

Mr. Vallandigham — Have you been in Portage County lately?

Mr. Brown — I was there in June last.

Mr. Vallandigham — When in Cleveland, did you attend the Fugitive Slave Law Convention there?

Mr. Brown — No; I was there about the time of the sitting of the court to try the Oberlin rescuers. I spoke there publicly on that subject. I spoke on the Fugitive Slave Law, and my own rescue. Of course, so far as I had any influence at all, I was disposed to justify the Oberlin people for rescuing the slave, because I have myself forcibly taken slaves from bondage. I was concerned in taking eleven slaves from Missouri to Canada last winter. I think I spoke in Cleveland before the Convention. I do not know that I had any conversation with any of the Oberlin rescuers. I was sick part of the time I was in Ohio, with the ague. I was part of the time in Ashtabula County.

Mr. Vallandigham — Did you see anything of Joshua R. Giddings there?

Mr. Brown — I did meet him?

Mr. Vallandigham — Did you converse with him?

Mr. Brown — I did. I would not tell you, of course, anything that would implicate Mr. Giddings; but I certainly met with him and had conversation with him.

Mr. Vallandigham — About that rescue case?

Mr. Brown — Yes, I did. I heard him express his opinions upon it very freely and frankly.

Mr. Vallandigham — Justifying it?

Mr. Brown — Yes, sir; I do not compromise him certainly in saying that.

A Bystander — Did you go out to Kansas under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society?

Mr. Brown — No, sir; I went out under the auspices of John Brown, and nobody else.

Mr. Vallandigham — Will you answer this: Did you talk with Giddings about your expedition here?

Mr. Brown — No, I won't answer that; because a denial of it I would not make, and to make any affirmation of it I should be a great dunce.

Mr. Vallandigham — Have you had any correspondence with parties at the North on the subject of this movement?

Mr. Brown — I have had correspondence.

A Bystander — Do you consider this a religious movement?

Mr. Brown — It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render to God.

Bystander — Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

Mr. Brown — I do.

Bystander — Upon what principle do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown — Upon the golden rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in the sight of God.

Bystander — Certainly. But why take the slaves against their will?

Mr. Brown — I never did.

Bystander — You did in one instance, at least.

Stephens, the other wounded prisoner, here said, in a firm, clear voice — "You are right. In one case, I know the negro wanted to go back."

A Bystander — Where did you come from?

Mr. Stephens — I lived in Ashtabula county, Ohio.

Mr. Vallandigham — How recently did you leave Ashtabula county?

Mr. Stephens — Some months ago. I never resided there any length of time; have been through there.

Mr. Vallandigham — How far did you live from Jefferson?

Mr. Brown — Be cautious, Stephens, about any answers that would commit any friend. I would not answer that.

Stephens turned partially over, with a groan of pain, and was silent.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Mr. Brown) — Who are your advisers in this movement?

Mr. Brown — I cannot answer that. I have numerous sympathizers throughout the entire North.

Mr. Vallandigham — In Northern Ohio?

Mr. Brown — No more there than any where else; in all the free States.

Mr. Vallandigham — But you are not personally acquainted in southern Ohio?

Mr. Brown — Not very much.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Stephens) — Were you at the Convention last June?

Stephens — I was.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Brown) — You made a speech there?

Mr. Brown — I did.

A Bystander — Did you ever live in Washington city?

Mr. Brown — I did not. I want you to understand, gentlemen — and (to the reporter of the "Herald") you may report that — I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expect no reward, except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress and greatly oppressed, as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here.

A Bystander — Why did you do it secretly?

Mr. Brown — Because I thought that necessary to success; no other reason.

Bystander — And you think that honorable? Have you read Gerritt Smith's last letter?

Mr. Brown — What letter do you mean?

Bystander — The "New York Herald" of yesterday, in speaking of this affair, mentions a letter in this way:—"Apropos of this exciting news, we recollect a very significant passage in one of Gerritt Smith's letters, published a month or two ago, in which he speaks of the folly of trying to strike the shackles off the slaves by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation, and predicts that the next movement made in the direction of negro emancipation would be an insurrection in the South."

Mr. Brown — I have not seen the "New York Herald" for some days past; but I presume, from your remark at the gist of the letter, that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light till some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion.

Mr. Vallandigham — Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?

Mr. Brown — No, sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time and set them free.

Mr. Vallandigham — Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Mr. Brown — Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time when I was attacked by the government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families and the community at large. I had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro (Hayward).

Mr. Vallandigham — What time did you commence your organization in Canada?

Mr. Brown — That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. Vallandigham — Who was the Secretary?

Mr. Brown — That I would not tell if I recollected; but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates, etc.

Dr. Biggs — Were you in the party at Dr. Kennedy's house?

Mr. Brown — I was at the head of that party. I occupied the house to mature my plans. I have not been in Baltimore to purchase caps.

Dr. Biggs — What was the number of men at Kennedy's?

Mr. Brown — I decline to answer that.

Dr. Biggs — Who lanced that woman's neck on the hill?

Mr. Brown — I did. I have sometimes practised in surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity and necessity, and there was no one else to do it; but have not studied surgery.

Dr. Briggs — It was done very well and scientifically. They have been very clever to the neighbors, I have been told, and we had no reason to suspect them except that we could not understand their movements. They were represented as eight or nine persons; on Friday they were thirteen.

Mr. Brown — There were more than t

Q. Where did you get arms to obtain possession of the Armory?

A. I bought them.

Q. In what State?

A. That I would not state.

Q. How many guns?

A. Two hundred Sharpe's rifles and two hundred revolvers — what is called the Massachusetts Arms Company's revolvers, a little under the navy size.

Q. Why did you not take that swivel you left in the house?

A. I had no occasion for it. It was given to me a year or two ago.

Q. In Kansas?

A. No; I had nothing given me in Kansas.

Q. By whom; and in what State?

A. I decline to answer. It is not properly a swivel; it is a very large rifle with a pivot. The ball is larger than a musket ball; it is intended for a slug.

Reporter of the Herald — I do not wish to annoy you; but if you have anything further you would like to say I will report it.

Mr. Brown — I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better — all you people at the South — prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily; I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled — this negro question I mean — the end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me — both sabre cuts on my head and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body — some minutes after I had ceased fighting and had consented to a surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own. (This statement was vehemently denied by all around.) I believe the major (meaning Lieut. J. B. Stuart, of the United States cavalry,) would not have been alive; I could have killed him just as easy as a mosquito when he came in, but I supposed he came in only to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long calls of "surrender" from us — as loud as men could yell — but in confusion and excitement I suppose we were not heard. I do not think the major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered.

An Officer here stated that the order to the marines was not to shoot anybody; but when they were fired upon by Brown's men and one of them killed, they were obliged to return the compliment.

Mr. Brown insisted that the marines fired first.

An Officer — Why did not you surrender before the attack?

Mr. Brown — I did not think it was my duty or interest to do so. We assured the prisoners that we did not wish to harm them, and they should be set at liberty. I exercised my best judgment, not believing the people would wantonly sacrifice their own fellow-citizens, when we offered to let them go on condition of being allowed to change our position about a quarter of a mile. The prisoners agreed by vote among themselves to pass across the bridge with us. We wanted them only as a sort of guaranty of our own safety; that we should not be fired into. We took them in the first place as hostages and to keep them from doing any harm. We did kill some men in defending ourselves, but I saw no one fire except directly in self-defence. Our orders were strick not to harm any one not in arms against us.

Q. Brown, suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you do with them?

A. Set them free.

Q. Your intention was to carry them off and free them?

A. Not at all.

A Bystander — To set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community.

Mr. Brown — I do not think so.

Bystander — I know it. I think you are fanatical.

Mr. Brown — And I think you are fanatical. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and you are mad.

Q. Was it your only object to free the negroes?

A. Absolutely our only object.

Q. But you demanded and took Col. Washington's silver and watch?

A. Yes; *we intended freely to appropriate the property of slaveholders to carry out our object.* It was for that, and only that, and with no design to enrich ourselves with any plunder whatever.

Q. Did you know Sherrod in Kansas? I understand you killed him.

A. I killed no man except in fair fight; I fought at Black Jack Point and Ossawatomie, and if I killed anybody it was at one of those places.

TRIAL OF CAPT. BROWN.

The preliminary examination of Brown and his associates took place Oct. 25th, before a bench of justices. The prisoners were brought into court under a guard of 80 armed men. The Court inquired if they had counsel, and Brown said:

HIS REMARKS TO THE COURT.

I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; and, under no circumstances whatever, will I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow-prisoners, and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory don't serve me. My health is insufficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in our favor, if a fair trial is to be allowed us. But if we are to be forced with a mere form — a trial for execution — you might spare yourself that trouble. I

am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg no mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives, or cowardice would drive you to practise. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power.

The Court assigned Messrs. C. J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts, as counsel. Mr. Harding, the District Attorney, asked Brown if he was willing to accept them.

Mr. Brown replied: I wish to say that I have sent for counsel. I did apply, through the advice of some persons here, to some persons whose names I do not now recollect, to act as counsel for me, and I have sent for other counsel, who have had no possible opportunity to see me. I wish for counsel if I am to have a trial; but if I am to have nothing but a mockery of a trial, as I have said, I do not care anything about counsel. It is unnecessary to trouble any gentleman with that duty.

Mr. Harding—You are to have a fair trial.

Mr. Brown—There were certain men—I think Mr. Botts was one of them—who declined acting as counsel, but I am not positive about it. I cannot remember whether he was one because I have heard so many names. I am a stranger here; I do not know the disposition or character of the gentleman named. I have applied for counsel of my own, and doubtless could have them, if I am not, as I said before, to be hurried to execution before they can reach me. But if that is the disposition that is to be made of me, all this trouble and expense can be saved.

Mr. Harding—The question is, do you desire the aid of Messrs. Faulkner and Botts as your counsel? Please answer yes or no.

Mr. Brown—I cannot regard this as an examination, under any circumstances. I would prefer that they should exercise their own pleasure. I feel as if it was a matter of very little account to me. If they had designed to assist me as counsel, I should have wanted an opportunity to consult them at my leisure.

The other prisoners assented to the arrangement.

After testimony from Mr. Washington, Mr. Ball, and others, the prisoners were remanded for trial before the Circuit Court.

THE INDICTMENTS.

The Court met immediately after, Judge Richard Parker on the bench; but the Grand Jury did not report until the 26th. The indictment charged John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens, alias Aaron D. Stephens, and Edwin Coppie, white persons, and Shields, Green, and John Copeland, free negroes with

1st. Confederating to make rebellion and levy war against Virginia, and to effect this purpose, seizing Harper's Ferry, within the jurisdiction of the State; capturing divers good and loyal citizens and slaying and murdering certain others, and establishing a government hostile to the government of the State, and exercising offices under it, and compelling obedience, and resisting the laws of Virginia.

2d. With conspiring to induce certain slaves of Lewis M. Washington and John H. Alstadt to make rebellion and insurrection.

3d and 4th. With committing murder upon Thomas Boerly, Fontaine Beckham, and Luke Quinn, white persons and Hayward Sheppard, a free negro.

The Government decided to try Brown first, and Lawson Botts and Mr. Green were assigned as his counsel. Charles B. Harding and Andrew Hunter appeared for the prosecution. The prisoners were compelled to stand while the indictment was read. Stephens was so ill that he had to be held upright by two bailiffs.

DELAY REFUSED.

Capt. Brown then rose and said: "I do not intend to detain the Court, but barely wish to say, as I have been promised a fair trial, that I am not now in circumstances that enable me to attend a trial, owing to the state of my health. I have a severe wound in the back, or rather in one kidney, which enfeebles me very much. But I am doing well, and I only ask for a very short delay of my trial, and I think I may get able to listen to it; and I merely ask this, that, as the saying is, 'the devil may have his dues,'—no more. I wish to say, further, that my hearing is impaired, and rendered indistinct, in consequence of wounds I have about my head. I cannot hear distinctly at all; I could not hear what the Court has said this morning. I would be glad to hear what is said on my trial, and am now doing better than I could expect to be under the circumstances. A very short delay would be all I would ask. I do not presume to ask more than a very short delay, so that I may in some degree recover, and be able at least to listen to my trial, and hear what questions are asked of the citizens, and what their answers are. If that could be allowed me, I should be very much obliged."

After argument, and the examination of witnesses as to Brown's condition, the request was refused. In the afternoon, Brown was brought into court upon a cot, being unable to rise from his bed. The jury were empanelled as follows:

Richard Timberlake, Joseph Myers, Thomas Watson, Jr., Isaac Dust, John C. McClure, William Rightsdale, Jacob J. Miller, Thomas Osborne, George W. Boyer, John C. Wiltshire, George W. Tapp, William A. Martin.

INSANITY—THE PLEA REPELLED.

On the 27th, Brown walked into court, looking better, and lay down on his cot at full length. Mr Botts read the following dispatch:—

AKRON, Ohio, Thursday, Oct. 26, 1859.

TO C. J. FAULKNER AND LAWSON BOTTS:

John Brown, leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and several of his family have resided in this county many years. Insanity is hereditary in that family. His mother's sister died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been two years in a lunatic asylum. A son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in the lunatic asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proven by witnesses residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial if desired. A. H. LEWIS.

William C. Allen, telegraphic operator at the Akron office, adds to the above dispatch that A. H. Lewis is a resident of that place, and his statements are entitled to implicit credit.

Mr. Botts said, that on receiving the above dispatch, he went to the jail with his associate, Mr. Green, and read it to Brown, and is desired by the latter to say that in

his father's family there has never been any insanity at all. On his mother's side there have been repeated instances of it. He adds that his first wife showed symptoms of it, which were also evident in his first and second sons by that wife. Some portions of the statements in the dispatch he knows to be correct, and of other portions he is ignorant. He does not know whether his mother's sister died in the lunatic asylum, but he does believe that a daughter of that sister has been two years in the asylum. He also believes that a son and daughter of his mother's brother have been confined in an asylum; but he is not apprised of the fact that another son of that brother is now insane and in close confinement. Brown also desires his counsel to say that he does not put in the plea of insanity, and if he has been at all insane he is totally unconscious of it; yet he adds that those who are most insane generally suppose that they have more reason and sanity than those around them. For himself, he disdains to put in that plea, and seeks no immunity of the kind. This movement is made totally without his approbation or concurrence, and was unknown to him till the receipt of the dispatch above.

Brown then raised himself up in bed, and said: "I will add, if the Court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who ought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all, and I view it with contempt more than otherwise. As I remarked to Mr. Green, insane persons, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity; and if I am insane, of course, I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I reject, so far as I am capable, any attempt to interfere in my behalf on that score."

Mr. Botts stated that he was further instructed by Mr. Brown to say that, rejecting this plea entirely, and seeking no delay for that reason, he does repeat to the Court his request made yesterday, that time be given for the foreign counsel to arrive that he has now reason to expect.

THE EVIDENCE.

The request for delay was resisted by Mr. Hunter and Mr. Harding. Mr. Hunter suggested that it was possible Mr. Lewis might be coming at the head of a band of desperadoes. The Court ordered the trial to proceed, and the counsel on each side addressed the jury, after which the witnesses were called. Conductor Phelps detailed the circumstances as to the detention of the train and the shooting of Hayward, and gave the following account of the interview between Gov. Wise and Brown, on Tuesday, the 18th inst:—

Witness returned to Harper's Ferry on Tuesday, and went in with Gov. Wise and others to see Brown, who was a prisoner. Heard his conversation with Wise and Hunter; Mr. Wise said he was sorry to see a man of his age in that position; Brown replied that he asked no sympathy, and had no apologies to make: he knew exactly what he was about; the Governor asked him if he did not think he was doing wrong in running off with other people's property; Brown said, no, he didn't; he stated that he never had but twenty-two men of his party, but expected large reinforcements from Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and, I think, some of the New England States, and New York. He said that arms were sent to them from Massachusetts; think he spoke of Sharpe's rifles, revolvers, and spears; said he could arm from 1,500 to 2,000 men; said he had Harper's Ferry in his eye as the place for his operations; that he had rented a farm four miles off, from Dr. Kennedy, and had paid the

rent up to March, and that all his arms were sent to him there from Chambersburg, Pa.; said those who brought the arms there did not know what they were, as he had taken the precaution to place them in double boxes; they were addressed to J. Smith & Sons. Brown told Gov. Wise that he had books in his trunk that would explain to him his whole proceedings, and what the purpose of his business was; Col. Lee said he had one, and handed it to Gov. Wise; Brown asked him to read two of its first preambles and four of the last sections, which he did, and Brown said that was a correct copy; in reply to a question of Gov. Wise, he said he was commander-in-chief of the forces under the Provisional Government, and that he then held that position; he said the constitution was adopted in a place called Chatham, in Canada; Brown said there was a Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, and all the officers for a General Government; he said there was a House of Representatives, and that there was an intelligent colored man elected as one of the members of the House (sensation); Gov. Wise asked Brown if he had taken the oath of allegiance provided for in the 48th article; he replied he had; asked if all the white men of his band had taken the oath; he replied that they had; he said that there were appointed and commissioned officers; that Stephens, Leeman, and one of Brown's sons were captains, and Coppie was a lieutenant; he said something about a battle in Kansas, and having one of his sons shot; I think he said Cook held a Captain's commission; Gov. Wise asked Brown if he thought he had been betrayed to the Secretary of War; said he thought he had been betrayed, but had practised the ruse to prevent suspicion; the Governor asked him what that ruse was, but he refused to answer; said he knew exactly the position he had placed himself in, and if his life was forfeited he was prepared to suffer.

Col. Washington related the circumstances of his capture by Cook, Stephens, and others. Cross-examined, he said that Brown's conduct was not rude or insulting, and that he directed his men, more than once, not to fire on unarmed men.

On the third day, Oct. 28, Geo. H. Hoyt, Esq., arrived from Boston to aid Brown, as his counsel, and was qualified by taking the customary oath. Some letters and papers were put into the case. Mr. Hunter proposed to prove Brown's handwriting by Sheriff Campbell, but Brown said he would save that trouble. "He was ready to face the music." Mr. Ball, the master machinist, testified to the facts which occurred while he was a prisoner. The man who shot Beckham was afterward killed at the charge of the Marines; did not see Capt. Brown fire. Mr. Alstadt, Alexander Kelly, Albert Grist, and others, testified to occurrences at the Arsenal, and to the killing of Beckham and Turner.

The defence called Joseph A. Brewer, A. M. Kitzmiller, Henry Hunter, and others, for the purpose of showing Brown's forbearance; his complaints that his flags of truce were fired upon, &c. Henry Hunter's testimony as to the killing of Thompson, a prisoner, is given in another place. Several other witnesses were called, who were not present.

BROWN'S COMPLAINT OF HIS COUNSEL.

Brown arose from his mattress, evidently excited, and standing on his feet, addressed the Court, as follows:—

May it please the Court: I discover that, notwithstanding all the assurances I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me, as it would seem. I

gave the names, as soon as I could get at them, of the persons I wished to have called as witnesses, and was assured that they would be subpœnaed. I wrote down a memorandum to that effect, saying where those parties were; but it appears that they have not been subpœnaed, as far as I can learn; and now I ask, if I am to have anything at all deserving the name and shadow of a fair trial, that this proceeding be deferred until to-morrow morning; for I have no counsel, as I before stated, in whom I feel that I can rely, but I am in hopes counsel will arrive who will attend to seeing that I get the witnesses who are necessary for my defence. I am myself unable to attend to it. I have given all the attention I possibly could to it, but am unable to see or know about them, and can't even find out their names; and I have nobody to do any errand, for my money was all taken when I was sacked and stabbed, and I have not a dime. I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver taken from my pocket, and now I have no possible means of getting any body to go my errands for me, and I have not had all the witnesses subpœnaed. They are not within reach, and are not here. I ask at least until to-morrow morning to have something done, if anything is designed; if not, I am ready for any thing that may come up.

Mr. Hoyt added his voice to this request. Messrs. Botts and Green then withdrew from the case, the prisoner having declared he had no confidence in them. Mr. Botts said he would give Mr. Hoyt all the aid in his power.

THE TRIAL CONTINUED.

The next day, Oct. 29, Samuel Chilton, of Washington, and Henry Griswold, of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived to assist Brown with their counsel. The trial went on. Mr. Mills, the master-armorer, testified:—

Witness was one of the hostages of Captain Brown, confined in the engine-house; before the general firing commenced, negotiations were pending for the release of the prisoners; a paper was drawn up, embracing certain terms, and borne by Mr. Brua to the citizens outside; the terms were not agreed to; the last time Mr. Brua was out there was severe firing, which, I suppose, prevented his return; Brown's son went out with a flag of truce, and was shot; he came back wounded; the prisoner attended him and gave him water; heard Brown frequently complain that the citizens had acted in a barbarous manner; he did not appear to have any malicious feeling; he undoubtedly seemed to expect reinforcements; said it would soon be night, and he would have more assistance; his intentions were to shoot nobody unless they were carrying or using arms; if they do, let them have it; this was while the firing was going on.

Capt. Brown here asked the witness whether he saw any firing on his part which was not purely defensive?

Witness—It might be considered in that light, perhaps; the balls came into the engine-house pretty thick.

Question by Counsel—Did you not frequently go to the door of the engine-house? No, indeed. (Laughter.)

A general colloquy ensued between the prisoner, lying on his cot, and the witness, as to the part taken by the prisoner in not unnecessarily exposing his hostages to danger. No objection was made to Brown's asking these questions in his own way, and interposing verbal explanations relative to his conduct. The witness generally corroborated his own version of the circumstances attending the attack on the engine-house; but could not testify to all the incidents that he enumerated. He did not hear him say that he surrendered. Witness's wife and daughter were permitted to

visit him unmolested, and free verbal communication was allowed with those outside. We were treated kindly; but were compelled to stay where we didn't want to be. Brown appeared anxious to effect a compromise.

Samuel Snider sworn. This witness proceeded to detail the whole circumstances of the two days, with what he saw, what he thought, and what he heard. Nothing new was elicited. He confirmed the statement of the other witnesses, that Brown endeavored to protect his hostages, and constantly said that he wished to make terms more for their safety than his own.

ARGUMENTS OF COUNSEL.

After the testimony was all in, Mr. Chilton moved that the prosecution be compelled to elect one count of the indictment and abandon the others. He afterwards said he would reserve the motion as the basis for a notice in arrest of judgment. Mr. Harding then made the opening argument for the prosecution.

Fifth Day, Oct. 30, the arguments in the case were finished, Messrs. Griswold and Chilton speaking for the prisoner, and Mr. Hunter for the Government.

When Mr. Hunter closed his peroration to the jury, without further remark, at an intimation from the judge, they immediately withdrew to consider their verdict. After an absence of three-quarters of an hour (during which the Court took a recess), they returned into court with a verdict. At this moment the crowd filled all the space from the couch inside the bar, around the prisoner, beyond the railing in the body of the court, out through the wide hall and beyond the doors. There stood the anxious, but perfectly silent and attentive populace, stretching head and neck to witness the closing scene of Old Brown's trial. It was terrible to look upon such a crowd of human faces, moved and agitated by one dreadful expectancy, — to let the eye rest for a moment upon the only calm and unruffled countenance there, and to think that he alone of all present was the doomed one, above whose head hung the sword of fate. But there he stood, a man of indomitable will and iron nerve, all collected and unmoved, even while the verdict that consigned him to an ignominious doom was pronounced upon him. After recapitulating his offences set forth in the indictment, the Clerk of the Court said: —

Gentlemen of the Jury, what say you, is the prisoner at the bar, John Brown, guilty or not guilty?

Foreman — Guilty.

Clerk — Guilty of treason, and conspiring and advising with slaves and others to rebel, and murder in the first degree?

Foreman — Yes.

Not the slightest sound was heard in the vast crowd as this verdict was thus returned and read. Not the slightest expression of elation or triumph was uttered from the hundreds present, who, a moment before, outside the court, joined in heaping threats and imprecations on his head; nor was this strange silence interrupted during the whole of the time occupied by the forms of the court. Old Brown himself said not even a word; but, as on any previous day, turned to adjust his pillet, and then composedly stretched himself upon it.

Mr Chilton made his motion in arrest of judgment.

SPEECH AND SENTENCE OF BROWN.

Brown was then brought in and the Court House was immediately thronged.

The Clerk asked Mr. Brown whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him.

Mr. Brown immediately rose, and in a clear, distinct voice, said:

I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended to do. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite the slaves to rebellion or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved — for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case — had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done in behalf of his despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or excite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me. I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I am done.

While Mr. Brown was speaking perfect quiet prevailed, and when he had finished the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. After a few primary remarks, he said, that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hung in public on Friday, the 2d of December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made was by the clapping of the hands of one man in the crowd, who was not a resident of Jefferson County. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret is expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

TRIAL OF COPPIE, GREEN, AND COPLAND.

The trial of Coppie was completed the same day Brown was sentenced. He was found guilty on all the counts. Green and Copland were defended by George Sennott, of Boston. Some of the points raised by him are thus stated by the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune:

The evidence being all in, Mr. Sennott moved the Court that the jury be directed to pay no attention to any evidence tending to show treason, and to return a verdict of Not Guilty, as in the case of Shields Green, on the ground that Copland, being described in that count as a negro, could not be guilty of treason, under the decision in the case of Dred Scott, that a negro was not a citizen. The Court assenting, Mr. Hunter, for the prosecution, admitted the statement of law to be correct, and declared that they abandoned that count.

On the second count of the indictment, Mr. Sennott moved for a similar direction, on the ground that the negro was described as free, whereas the presumption of law in the slave States was that he was a slave, being a man of color; that in a civil case, he must show that fact affirmatively himself; that in a criminal case it was a material, issuable, and triable fact, and must be proved as laid, and that the Government had closed their case without doing so.

Mr. Hunter called attention to the fact that they had introduced Copland's confession to the Marshal, wherein he stated that he was born in North Carolina, but went to Oberlin at the age of ten; and was born free.

Mr. Sennott replied that the confession was admitted under strong objection; that it had been made under influence, as well as threats; that no matter how admitted, it was a declaration of Copland in his own favor, and should not therefore be admitted; that it was in his favor *legally*, because the *status* of a free man was legally superior to that of a slave; that he had a legal right to reject, or refuse to assume a legal benefit when it was a practical damage; and that, at any rate, for the purposes of this trial, he would insist that his client was a slave as well as a negro, and that the Government must prove that he was free affirmatively.

The Court ruled that the burden of proof was on the Government, but refused to direct that they must prove it affirmatively.

Mr. Sennott excepted.

Mr. Sennott then asked the Court to direct a verdict of not guilty on the second count, for conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and inducing slaves to insurrection,—and asked the Court to rule that there was no evidence of such an offence to go to the jury. He also asked the Court to rule, that compelling slaves to take pikes in their hands was not advising them to revolt, in the sense of the law. The Court,

with hesitation, concluded finally by refusing so to rule, and Mr. Sennott excepted. He then asked the Court to rule that, as the Government had relied all along upon the confession of Copland, that he had come to run off slaves, and had insisted on it, they could not be allowed now to contradict their own story; and that that had actually proved a different offence entirely, to wit, slave stealing, from what the Grand Jury had charged them with under oath, viz., conspiracy and rebellion. The same remarks applied to the counts for murder. At this point there appeared to be some hesitation on the part of the Court.

The prosecuting officer remarked that the Government had proved a common purpose, that not all the ingenious pleading of the counsel could evade. That being so, he thought proof of the overt acts of conspiracy first proved that, and then the murders occurring in furtherance of the common design were chargeable upon all the conspirators. He spent a great portion of the time of his argument, and read much law, to show this position.

Mr. Sennott, in reply, remarked that the whole learned argument as to common purpose was entirely useless, because the law intended only to punish a man for committing crimes in pursuance of a common purpose with which he was charged. Here, however, he was shown to have done nothing, — and no body in his band, — except in pursuance of a design with which he was not charged. On an appeal to the Court, it was ruled:

That the Government *must* prove the second count as charged, and that evidence of a conspiracy to run off slaves did not and would not support it.

There was here a very perceptible sensation among the assembled crowd. The jury, however, retired, and after the first discussion had in the jury-room during all these trials, returned a verdict of not guilty on the first count, but guilty on all the others.

Mr. Sennott immediately gave notice that on Monday he would, with leave, move the verdict be set aside, as against evidence and against the direction and ruling of the Court.

The Court remarked that it would hear the motion, and instantly adjourned.

COPLAND'S CONFESSION.

Copland's confession is as follows:

Question. — Are you John Copland of Oberlin, and the same person that was indicted last year at Cleveland for rescuing the slave John?

Answer. — I am.

Q. Do your parents reside in Oberlin?

A. They do.

Q. Who induced you to enter into the Harper's Ferry movement?

A. J. H. Kagi and John Brown, Jr., wrote letters to Leary, at Oberlin, which I saw, and was thus induced to go into it.

Q. Who furnished you the means to come to Virginia?

A. Ralph and Samuel Plumb gave me the money, $15, to bear my expenses.

Q. What other Oberlin persons were at Harper's Ferry?

A. None but Leary and myself.

Q. Where is Leary?

A. He was killed in the river, near the Rifle Works.

Q. Did you come through Cleveland?

A. Yes.

Q. On what day did you leave there?

A. The day of the October election.

Q. Where did you stop at in Cleveland?

A. I stopped at Isaac Sturtevant's, on Walnut street. Was there from Monday noon until Tuesday evening at nine o'clock.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant know what you were going to Virginia for?

A. Mrs. Sturtevant did. She was the person who talked to me about it. I suppose Mr. S. knew it.

Q. Where did Plumb give you the money, and who was present?

A. Ralph Plumb gave it to me; Samuel Plumb and Leary were present; it was in Plumb's office at Oberlin.

Q. Did the Plumbs know where you were going?

A. Yes, and wished us good luck, and gave me the money just before leaving, Monday morning.

Q. Did Charles H. Langston see you in Cleveland?

A. He did, and knew I was coming on to join Brown's company.

Q. Who directed you to go to Sturtevant's at Cleveland?

A. Leary. He was directed by John Brown, Jr., to go there.

Q. Did you hear Ralph Plumb, on the day the slave John was rescued, urge persons to go to Wellington, and if so, where?

A. I did; he was on the pavement in front of Watson's grocery.

Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to raise an insurrection in any other State or region of our country?

A. I understood that there was an intention to attempt a movement of that kind in Kentucky about the same time.

Q. Did you know from Brown, or any other person, that help was expected from the slaves in the neighborhood?

A. I did from Brown, that help would come from the slaves, but I did not understand at any time, until Monday morning, after the fight had commenced, that any thing else than running off slaves was intended, I being at the Rifle Works, half a mile from the Engine House.

Q. Did you learn from Brown, or any of the company, that persons at Harper's Ferry sympathized with them, or were in any way connected with the movement?

A. From Brown I understood that there were laboring men at Harper's Ferry, who wished to get rid of the slaves, and would aid in running them off.

TRIAL OF COOK.

John E. Cook, who meanwhile had been captured in Pennsylvania, brought to Charlestown and indicted, was also tried. He was defended with great zeal by his brother-in-law, Geo. Willard, of Indiana, Mr. Voorhees, of that State, and three other lawyers; but without avail. All the ingenious points raised by the counsel were swept aside, and Mr. Hunter finally introduced Cook's confession, (printed in this pamphlet.) Cook was convicted.

SENTENCE OF THE PRISONERS.

On the 16th, the prisoners having been severally asked if they had anything to say, previous to listening to their sentence of death, Coppie rose and spoke thus:

"The charges that have been made against me are not true. I never committed any treason against the State of Virginia. I never made war upon it. I never conspired with anybody to induce your slaves to rebel, and I never even exchanged a word with one of your servants. What I come here for I always told you. It was to run off slaves into a Free State and liberate them there. This is an offence against your laws, I admit, but I never committed murder. When I escaped to the engine house, and found the Captain and his prisoners surrounded there, I saw no way of deliverance but by fighting a little. If anybody was killed on that occasion, it was in a fair fight. I have, as I said, committed an offence against your laws, but the punishment for that offence would be very different from what you are going to inflict on me now. I have no more to say."

It will readily be seen that this statement coincides exactly with, and substantiates the account, which I sent you a few days ago, from Brown's own lips, of his real intention in this expedition. The next two prisoners, the negro and mulatto, Green and Copland, when called upon, said nothing. When Cook's turn came, he delivered, in a hesitating, nervous manner, a speech, which had probably been carefully prepared. He said, in substance, that he had not come to commit treason or murder, but merely in pursuance of orders from his commander-in-chief, with a design to liberate slaves. As to the sword and pistols of George Washington, taken from Lewis Washington's house, he said they were seized by order of Brown, not for purposes of robbery, but for the sake of the moral effect that their possession might afford in case of a war of liberation. At the conclusion of his not very effective speech, Judge Parker pronounced sentence of death, in a manner showing genuine sincerity of emotion and pity.

The prisoners were sentenced to be hanged on the 16th of December,—Green and Copland between 8 and 12 o'clock, and Cook and Coppie between 12 and 5.

CASE OF STEPHENS.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 7, 1859.

THEY STRIKE AT "HIGHER AND WICKEDER GAME."

The proceedings to-day in the Court-room were of remarkable importance. In my letter of yesterday I disclosed the plan of operations that had been prepared in the case of Cook, with a view to the apprehension of certain Northern men supposed to be concerned in Brown's invasion. That plan has been changed so far as the employment of Cook for the purpose goes, but not otherwise. That is to say, another prisoner, Stephens, is to be substituted for trial in the United States Court at Staunton, to which place a number of persons, whose correspondence with Brown has been shown by the contents of his carpet-bag, are to be summoned, to reveal what they know of the matter.

This scheme on the part of the Government has been very closely concealed, so much so that all suspicion of it has hitherto been suppressed, in this place, at least. It would not have come to light to-day but by reason of an accidental delay in

communications between Governor Wise and the authorities here, which rendered it necessary that when intelligence did arrive, it should be published in open court. This morning I heard the District-Attorney, Harding, declare, in answer to a suggestion that Cook might possibly be taken to another place for trial, that it could never be. "No, sir," he said; "if the United States want him, they must wait till we get through with him. We caught him, and we mean to have the first chance at hanging him. The United States may take his dead body, if they choose." Such slaughter-house language as this comes to one's ears at every turn; it is no longer singular.

When Cook's case was considered this morning some delay was occasioned, to occupy which Stephens was brought up for trial. This man, with three bullets in his head and two in his breast, his face bound together by bandages, his frame shattered by wounds, was dragged in a fainting condition across from the jail to the Court-room, and stretched out upon the floor, his head resting upon a chair. Helpless and motionless, but wholly alive to everything that passed, he listened with much appearance of interest to the preparations for the trial; but just as the jury had been impanelled, and the evidence was about to be put in, Mr. Hunter, the senior counsel for the prosecution, arose and announced that he had at that moment received a telegraphic dispatch from Gov. Wise, referring to the case now progressing. The dispatch was as follows: "Let Cook be tried with you, and turn Stephens over to the United States." Mr. Hunter went on to say that he had for some time been in communication with Gov. Wise upon this subject, and that it had partly been determined to give up Cook to the United States Court, but that the Governor, as it appeared, had decided otherwise, and it happened that his decision, by great good fortune, was just as Mr. Hunter would prefer to have it, certain discoveries having recently been made which proved that the purposes of the Government could be better carried out by the change. "What we aim at," said Mr. Hunter, "is not only the destruction of these men whom we have in confinement; we now strike at higher and wickeder game."

A great sensation followed this announcement. But when Mr. Hunter proposed that the trial should be suspended, and the prisoner remanded to await the action of the United States Court, the excitement was intense. The District-Attorney, Harding, protested vehemently against the removal. He denounced all those who should advocate it. The Court, however, snubbed Mr. Harding, and hinted to him to go about some other business, which he did, muttering vengeance as he withdrew.

The question then lay between Mr. Sennott and Mr. Hunter. Mr. Sennott said that, in a capital case like this, it was not his duty to decide such a matter. His duty was to defend, at every hazard, and to the last extremity, the man who lay there prostrate at his feet. But, if Stephens should consent to the arrangement, he certainly should not interpose any objection. A word from Stephens settled the matter. He did desire, he said, to be transferred to the United States Court, and he was forthwith conducted back to jail, not at all discontented at the new turn of things.

The public are moved to very violent discussions on this new phase of affairs. Great indignation is displayed by some at the prospect of one of their prisoners escaping from their clutches, and satisfaction is expressed by others at the hope of the seizure of the Northern friends of Brown. Excited rumors, in such a state of feeling, are of little value; but I may say that I have heard the names of Gerritt Smith, Horace Greeley, Dr. Howe, of Boston, and a number of others spoken of as among those sure to be summoned to Staunton.

Why Gov. Wise decided that Stephens, instead of Cook, should be taken in charge by the United States Court, it is not very easy to understand. There is one explanation, which may be developed to-morrow, and which, if it turns out as there is rea-

sen to suppose it may, will throw no credit upon the Government managers of these trials.

It is uncertain when Stephens can be removed. His present condition is most pitiable, and it will hardly be considered safe to put him upon any journey now. Some of the officers say that he may not be taken to Staunton until next May, but I do not think so long a delay will be permitted, even if he should survive till that time, which is very doubtful.

The District-Attorney, Harding, is in a most unhappy state of mind. He delivers orations at all the corners on the subject. He swears with all the intensity of indignation (for the District-Attorney is a little notorious for his blustering weakness) that Stephens shall never leave this place. "By —, sir," he says, "Wise shan't have him. I know my position. I don't owe my office to Wise; I owe it to the voice of the people, and I get fifty dollars for trying these cases. Hunter has honeyfugled me long enough, and now I'm going to take the bit in my teeth. I mean to have the first hanging of these fellows!" — and so on for stretches of an hour each.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

THE WAY JURORS ARE QUALIFIED.

Let us endeavor to represent to you how some of the jurors in these cases are qualified.

A stolid and heavy man stands up before the judge to answer the necessary questions. His countenance is lighted only by the hope of getting a chance to give his voice against the wounded man upon the ground. You can see this as plainly as if he told you.

Judge — Were you at Harper's Ferry, sir, during these proceedings?

Juror — No, sir.

Judge — Are you a freeholder of this county?

Juror — Yes, sir.

Judge — Have you heard the evidence in the other cases?

Juror — (Eagerly) Yes, sir.

Judge — I mean, if you have heard the evidence, and are likely to be influenced by it, you are disqualified here. Have you heard much of the evidence?

Juror — No, sir.

Judge — Have you expressed any opinion as to the guilt of these parties?

Juror — Yes, sir (eagerly again.)

Judge — Are you, then, capable of judging this case according to the evidence, without reference to what you have before heard said?

Juror — Yes, sir.

Judge — Have you any conscientious scruples, which will prevent you finding this man guilty, because the death penalty may be his punishment?

Juror — Yes, sir (promptly.)

Judge — I think you do not understand my question. I ask you if you would hesitate to find this man guilty, because he would be hung if you did?

(Juror looks around puzzled; overcome by the abstract nature of the proposition.)

Judge — This man will be hung if you find him guilty. Will that certainty of his being hung prevent you from finding him guilty, if the evidence convinces you he is so?

Juror — (Catching the idea) No sir — No sir!

Judge — Very well, sir; you can take your seat as juror.

THE WAY VERDICTS ARE RENDERED.

But the most extraordinary custom is that of the Clerk preparing a written verdict, reading it to the jury, and asking them if they agree to it, which, of course they do. In the case of Coppie, the jury came in with a blundering verdict. They knew nothing about "counts" and such trifles; they simply knew that they found the prisoner guilty. This would not do; so in a few minutes a correct verdict was written off and read to the jury, who said that was just what they meant, and subscribed with cheerfulness.

After the trial and conviction of Capt. Brown, he was daily visited by persons of all shades of opinion, and actuated by various motives.

The details of these interviews as published are all of them deeply interesting and enable us to judge of the noble characteristics of the man. They show us the sincerity of his purposes, the unselfish benevolence of his labors, and the depth and power of that faith in God and the commandments and promises of his word which had been the inspiration of his heroic life.

INTERVIEWS WITH BROWN IN PRISON.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

VISIT TO JOHN BROWN BY MRS. SPRING.

In going to Virginia, I thought I should satisfy my feelings of pity for the wounded prisoners, and be hidden by Mrs. Child, who I heard was there. The name of a "Friend," who lives in Charlestown, was given to me, and on our arrival my son and I went to ask him where Mrs. Child was stopping. He proved a most unfriendly "Friend." "Mrs. Child," he said, "is not in the town. I should advise her to stay at home and attend to her domestic affairs. People had better stay in their own country. And," he added, "if she came to my house I would not receive her." "I rather think John Woodman would have done it," I replied. "I don't care what John Woodman would; I know David Howells wouldn't," was his answer. All other persons to whom we spoke were civil.

On our way we spent a night at Harper's Ferry. In the parlor we heard a young lady describing to a gentleman the horrors of the night of terror. "I wish," she said, "I could shoot them all." She told the story of poor Thompson, brought wounded into the hotel, followed by the infuriated people, protected for a time by Mr. Fouke's sister, at last dragged out and killed on the bridge. She said: "It was dreadful to drag him out so; but they did right to kill him. *I would.*" The gentleman said, "Oh, no! you wouldn't." I asked, "Who killed him?" He said, "One of our citizens, madam. He never would have done it, but was made furious because our Mayor was shot down in the street." I expressed my horror of the deed. It must be some comfort to his young widow to know that a brave woman, at great risk to herself, tried to save him. They threatened her, but she would not leave him. I asked the gentleman if he believed Brown insane. He said, "No; his plans were too perfect to leave any doubt of the clearness of his mind." The landlord said the same. And certainly the place was wisely chosen. Part of the Blue Ridge rises directly from the town on the north. It is said that in these mountains there are wonderful caves; and if, as he intended, he had succeeded in fortifying himself there, slaves could have escaped to him, and it would have been difficult to dislodge him. Care for the lives of his prisoners, whom he feared that cold night to take into the mountains, and the mistake in

stopping the train, caused, as he explains, and as I heard others say at Harper's Ferry, all the shedding of blood. Let those who condemn him most be satisfied that his first-born sons by both his first and second wife were slain, and also his young son Oliver, of whom the mother says, "He was most like his father, caring most for learning of all our children." Let him, then, be forgiven for the unpremeditated horrors of that night at Harper's Ferry.

In Charlestown the Sheriff refused my application to see Mr. Brown. "Public opinion," he said, "is very much excited, in consequence of your coming here. Capt. B. does not wish to see any one," and, adding, "My responsibilities are very great. If anything should occur, in consequence of my granting you, or any one else, an interview, I should be censured by the whole community. I must, therefore, deny your request."

I sent Mr. Brown some linen, &c., which I had brought, and should have left Charlestown the next morning, but the jailer and Mr. Sennott both assured me that Mr. Brown wished to see me. We therefore determined to wait. The hotel keeper was very kind, and we waited over two days. But the Sheriff remained inexorable, though he knew Mr. Brown's wishes. At last Mr. G. Sennett got an order from the judge of the Court, for my admission.

With gifts from the woods and the garden, we went in through the door of iron bars, which turned with a grating sound on its heavy hinges. On the two beds were Brown and Stephens. Both were glad to see us. Stephens is a pleasant looking young man, though very pale from his wounds. One who knew him well has said of him, "I never knew any man try so hard to be good." No picture I have seen gives an idea of Brown's noble bearing, of his fine expression, and the peculiar light of his eyes. I was reminded at once by his appearance of Motley's description of William of Orange; no better one can be given of Brown:

"In person he was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow, furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique mould. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. * * *

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggles as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies."

Between Mr. Brown and his jailer there has grown up a most friendly feeling. Captain Avis, who is too brave to be afraid to be kind, has done all he could for the prisoners, and been cursed accordingly. Still their condition was very cheerless, and Mr. Brown was in the same clothes in which he was taken. A cloth under his head was much stained with blood from a still open wound. It was hard for me to forget the presence of the jailer (I had that morning seen his advertisement of "50 negroes for sale"); but I soon lost all thought of him in listening to Mr. Brown, who spoke at once of his plans and of his failure. Twenty years he has labored, and waited, and suffered, and at last he believed that the time of fulfilment had come. But he failed; and, instead of being free on the mountains, strong to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free, he was shorn of his strength, with prison walls about him. "But," he said, "I do not now reproach myself; I did what I could." I said, "The Lord often

leads us in strange ways." "Yes," he answered; "and I think I cannot now better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it; and in my death I may do more than in my life." A pleasant smile came over his face when I exclaimed, "Then you will be our martyr!" I continued, "I want to ask one question for others, not for myself, —Have you been actuated by any feeling of revenge?" He raised his head, and gave me a surprised look: then, lying back, he answered slowly, but firmly, "I am not conscious of having had a feeling of the kind. No, not in all the wrong done to me and my family in Kansas, have I had a feeling of revenge." "That would not sustain you now," I remarked. "No, indeed," he replied quickly; "but I sleep peacefully as an infant; or, if I am wakeful, glorious thoughts come to me, entertaining my mind." Presently he added, "The sentence they have pronounced against me did not disturb me in the least; it is not the first time I have looked death in the face." "It is not the hardest thing for a brave man man to die," I answered; "but how will it be in the long days before you, shut up here? If you can be true to yourself in all this, how glad we shall be." "I cannot say," he responded, "what weakness may come over me; but I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; and I should if I denied my principles against slavery. Why, I preach against it all the time.—Captain Avis knows I do." The jailer smiled, and said "yes." We spoke of those who, in times of trial, forgot themselves, and he said, "There seems to be just that difference in people; some can bear more than others, and not suffer so much. He had been through all kinds of hardships, and did not mind them." My son remarked that it was a great thing to have confidence in one's own strength. "I did not mean to say that," was the answer. "It is only a constitutional difference, and I have been trained to hardships." When twelve years old, he went with his father to furnish the American army with cattle. This had led him far away from home, and subjected him to much exposure. Sometimes he slept in graveyards, but without any superstitious fear, and in forests a hundred miles from human habitations, surrounded by hostile English and Indians. "But," he added, smiling, "I have one unconquerable weakness; I have been more afraid of being taken into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen than of meeting a company of men with guns." I think he is still more afraid of the giving of trouble to others. He seems to me to be purely unselfish, and in all that he has done to have never thought of himself; but always of others. In a noble letter to his wife, which I brought away with me, he entreats his "dear wife and children, every one, never, in 'all your trials, forget the poor that cry, and him that hath none to help him.'"

While he was talking to me with the deepest solicitude of his family, the rabble, ever hanging about the court-house and prison, fearful that we were plotting treason inside, became restless. The Sheriff was frightened and called the jailer, so that I had only a moment to speak to Stephens and to say farewell to Mr. Brown, who stood up to take leave of us, saying, "The Lord will bless you for coming here."

There was, I learned afterward, an angry mob outside the jail; but I did not see it. In a moment we reached the hotel, and at once recorded all we could remember of this interesting visit. That night there were rumors of an attack on the jail, and it was thought best that I should not repeat my visit. The jailer said to my son, "Your mother can write and send him books and hymns. He is an intelligent and a religious man, and will appreciate them."

But the evening before we left Charlestown a telegram announced to me that Mrs. Brown was in Philadelphia, and I was anxious therefore to have another interview with her husband. In the morning I sent for the judge, who went with us to the prison door. Mr. Brown was sitting at the table, where he had just finished a letter to his wife and a note to me. He looked better and brighter, and happier than at my first

visit, and Stephens also looked better. The old man said little except about his family, whom he commended to the kindness of good people.

On our return, we saw boys, at Harper's Ferry, going about and selling pikes and other things which they had found in the school house in the woods. I said to the landlord, "It is not right for these boys to sell, on their own account, this property of Mr. Brown: his family will need all he leaves." "They are not his property," was the reply; "but that of the Abolitionists, who furnished the money to buy them, and who sent him here. Let them come and claim them!"

To Mrs. Brown, it was a great comfort to see one who could give her direct information in regard to the condition of her husband. Hearing that he had lost the clothes she last made for him, she went at once to work to prepare others. When these last kind offices were done, and the little trunk packed, and she felt "*it is the last time*," her sorrow, for a season, overwhelmed her. Since then she has received a letter from her husband (of which I am permitted to send you a copy), in answer to one telling him of a plan to have his two daughters educated in Mr. Weld's school, at Eaglewood. Half the money for this purpose has been given, for the first year, by two gentlemen.

The home of the unfortunate family is in a region of almost perpetual frost, where they cannot earn a living. It has been proposed to raise money to purchase for them a small farm, somewhere in a milder climate. If we cannot get the father out of his prison, let us, at least, bring his wife and children out of the wilderness. R. R. S.

Eaglewood, November 26, 1859.

INTERVIEW WITH BROWN.

By a Correspondent of the Boston Traveller.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, who was present when the sentence upon Brown was pronounced, writes:

"Captain Brown was then led in, and the motion in arrest of judgment in this case was refused. After reading his opinion on this question, the judge asked the prisoner if he had any reason why sentence should not be pronounced, and he delivered the remarkable speech which you have read, speaking with perfect calmness of voice and mildness of manner, winning the respect of all for his courage and firmness. His self-possession was more wonderful, because *his sentence, at this time, was unexpected, and his remarks were entirely unprepared.*

Sentence was pronounced, and was received in perfect silence, except a slight demonstration of applause from one excited man, whom the judge instantly ordered into custody. It illustrates the character of the people, that several officials and members of the bar hastened to inform us that this man was not a citizen of the county. They take pride in thinking that Jefferson County is a county of gentlemen.

During my interviews with Brown at the jail, he repeated what he said in court, that he was perfectly satisfied with the fairness of his trial, and the kindness of his treatment. He said that Captain Avis, his jailer, showed as much kindness in treating him, as he had shown courage in attacking him. "It is what I should expect from a brave man." Seeing that one of the deputy jailers was present, he added: "I don't say this to flatter: it isn't my way. I say it because it is true." (For the same reason I here repeat it.) Judge Parker appears to have conducted the trial with remarkable candor, dignity, and impartiality; and when we consider what a servile insurrection is, the self-control of the people is wonderful.

Brown has not been in irons since the first night, and every possible indulgence is

shown him, except the indulgence of delay. Even the speed of the trial is, in part, accounted for by the accident that the term of the court happened to be held just at this time.

Capt. Brown appears perfectly fearless in all respects, — says that he has no feeling about death on a scaffold, and believes that every act "even all the follies that led to this disaster, were decreed to happen ages before the world was made." The only anxiety he expressed was in regard to the circumstances of his family. He asked and obtained leave to add a postscript to a letter to his wife, telling her that he was to be hanged on the second of December, and requested that it should be directed to Mrs. John Brown, "for there are some other widow Browns in North Elba."

He speaks highly of his medical attendants, but rejects the offered counsel of all ministers who believe that slavery is right. He will die as fearlessly as he has lived.

VISIT TO JOHN BROWN.

By a Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

Last evening I obtained a permit, and, with a few others, entered the jail and conversed with the occupants of the various cells. I first saw Brown and Stephens, who are still in the same cell, and will continue so until death parts them. Brown received the entire party with cordiality. He set aside his work, — the letter of which I told you yesterday, and turned around in his chair, excusing himself, however, from rising, as he was unable to stand without some pain. He did not say whether this pain was caused by the fetters upon his ankles, or otherwise. I should suppose not, as the chains are light, and so arranged that he does not find much difficulty in walking. In all his conversation, Brown showed the utmost gentleness and tranquillity, and a quiet courtesy withal, that contrasted rather strongly with the bearing of some of his visitors.

He repeated that he was in every way reconciled to his destiny, and spoke cheerfully of what was to come upon him. He was several times importuned for his autograph, but without avail. He seems to have a great repugnance to parting with any of his handwriting. A correspondent of one of the illustrated papers used every argument to induce him to yield this point; told him that the proprietor of the paper with which he was connected had given Mrs. Brown $50 for a photograph, and so forth. Brown answered that he was surely very grateful for every kindness to his wife, who was truly deserving of them all, but that not even this consideration would overcome his unwillingness. The reason he gave was that his autograph had been sought, personally and by letter, by hundreds of persons, and that if he should attempt compliance it would deprive him of all the time that remained to him on earth, which he ought to occupy differently. As he could not gratify all, he would refuse all, without exception. I am very glad that the correspondent did not obtain the autograph. He would have employed it as a new means of casting ridicule upon the man who is so soon to die. His odious caricatures of Brown's person should have satisfied his hatred.

Brown said that for the last three or four days he had felt much better than at any previous time since he was wounded at Harper's Ferry. Stephens is rapidly gaining strength, and displays a liveliness that astonishes all who see him. When the party left the cell, hands were shaken all around. So far as Brown was concerned it was an honest expression of good will. With most of the rest it was like a salutation of Judas.

hen he resided in Pennsylvania. I said he was thought to be sane and honest. In he cars I asked the Governor if he would commute the sentence of Mr. Brown. He aid, "*I dare commute the sentence of Brown, and the citizens of Virginia would acquiesce, ut I will not do it.*" "Why," said he, "John Brown never asked to be pardoned. *And I doubt whether he would ask it, if he knew the asking would obtain it.*" He said he ould rather pardon Brown than Cook, and he would pardon neither. I asked the Governor if Brown's friends could have his body after his death. He answered, "The surgeons will claim his body." I said to the Governor that in my opinion Brown was a monomaniac, and as crazy on the subject of slavery as Gerritt Smith. He said, "Men of that kind of insanity ought to be hanged."

A very intelligent Virginia gentleman, a Mr. Brown, asked me "what I wished to o with Brown's body?" I told him it would belong to his wife; *but, if his friends ould not claim it, I would, if they gave it to me, and bury it in my own burying ground.* He remarked that it would be used for a different purpose if the North should get it; *hat Massachusetts would take the head, and other Northern States other parts of the body, nd each would erect over its portion a monument higher than Bunker Hill.*

Mr. Brown is a member of the Old-School Presbyterian Church, and a decidedly eligious man, though he strictly and sternly refuses to be aided in his prayers by the ro-slavery divines of Virginia. One of these gentlemen, in conversation with me, aid that he had called on Brown to pray with him. He said that Brown asked if he ras ready to fight, if necessity required it, for the freedom of the slave. On his nswering in the negative, Brown said that he would thank him to retire from his cell, hat his prayers would be an abomination to his God. To another clergyman he said hat he would not insult his God by bowing down with any one who had the blood of he slave upon his skirts.

I omitted above to say that Gov. Wise told me there was one condition on which he ould surrender Gen. Brown—which was that I should deliver up to him General ympathy for execution in his stead. The Governor and the citizens are evidently nore afraid of the latter than of the former.

. . . The present panic among these brave Virginians demonstrates the correctess of Brown's estimate of them when he thought that a small body of slaves with hose unearthly weapons in their hands, could rush down from the mountains, victors ver a panic-striken commonwealth.

JOHN BROWN'S LETTERS.

The following letters were written by John Brown, in his prison. They are rranged in the order of their dates, and each and all are illustrative of the noble haracter of the man:

LETTER OF MRS. CHILD TO CAPTAIN BROWN.

WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 26, 1859.

DEAR CAPTAIN BROWN: Though personally unknown to you, you will recognize n my name an earnest friend of Kansas, when circumstances made that territory the attle ground between the antagonistic principles of slavery and freedom, which politicians so vainly strive to reconcile in the government of the United States.

Believing in peace principles, I cannot sympathize with the method you chose to dvance the cause of freedom. But I honor your generous intentions,—I admire our courage, moral and physical. I reverence you for the humanity which tempered

your zeal. I sympathize with you in your cruel bereavement, your sufferings, and your wrongs. In brief, I love you and bless you.

Thousands of hearts are throbbing with sympathy as warm as mine. I think of you night and day, bleeding in prison, surrounded by hostile faces, sustained only by trust in God and your own strong heart. I long to nurse you,—to speak to you sisterly words of sympathy and consolation. I have asked the permission of Governor Wise to do so. If the request is not granted, I cherish the hope that these few words may at least reach your hands, and afford you some little solace. May you be strengthened by the conviction that no honest man ever sheds blood for freedom in vain, however much he may be mistaken in his efforts. May God sustain you and carry you through whatsoever may be in store for you. Yours, with heartfelt respect, sympathy, and affection.

L. MARIA CHILD.

CAPTAIN BROWN'S REPLY.

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD—*My Dear Friend* (such you prove to be, though a stranger): Your most kind letter has reached me, with the kind offer to come here and take care of me. Allow me to express my gratitude for your great sympathy, and at the same time to propose to you a different course, together with my reasons for wishing it. I should certainly be greatly pleased to become personally acquainted with one so gifted and so kind, but I cannot avoid seeing some objections to it, under present circumstances. First, I am in charge of a most humane gentleman, who, with his family, have rendered me every possible attention I have desired, or that could be of the least advantage; and I am so far recovered from my wounds as no longer to require nursing. Then, again, it would subject you to great personal inconvenience and heavy expense, without doing me any good. Allow me to name to you another channel, through which you may reach me with your sympathies much more effectually. I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live at North Elba, Essex County, New York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could well do to earn a living. He was a most dreadful sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably. I have no living son, or son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas.

Now, dear friend, would you not as soon contribute fifty cents now, and a like sum yearly, for the relief of those very poor and deeply afflicted persons? to enable them to supply themselves and their children with bread and very plain clothing, and to enable the children to receive a common English education? Will you also devote your own energies to induce others to join you in giving a like amount, or any other amount, to constitute a little fund for the purpose named?

I cannot see how your coming here can do me the least good; I am quite certain you can do me immense good where you are. I am quite cheerful under all my afflicting circumstances and prospects, having, as I humbly trust, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," to rule in my heart. You may make such use of this as you see fit. God Almighty bless and reward you a thousand fold!

Yours in sincerity and truth,

JOHN BROWN.

LETTER FROM A QUAKER LADY TO JOHN BROWN.

NEWPORT, R. I., Tenth month, 27th, '59.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN: — Dear Friend: Since thy arrest I have often thought of thee, and have wished that, like Elizabeth Fry toward her prison friends, so that I might console thee in thy confinement. But that can never be, and so I can only write thee a few lines which, if they contain any comfort, may come to thee like some ray of light.

You can never know how very many dear Friends love thee with all their hearts, for thy brave efforts in behalf of the poor oppressed; and though we, who are non-resistants, and religiously believe it better to reform by moral, and not by carnal weapons, could not approve of bloodshed, yet we know thee was animated by the most generous and philanthropic motives. Very many thousands openly approve thy intentions, though most Friends would not think it right to take up arms.

Thousands pray for thee every day; and, Oh, I do pray that God will be with thy soul. Posterity will do thee justice. If Moses led out the thousands of Jewish slaves from their bondage, and God destroyed the Egyptians in the sea because they went after the Israelites to bring them back to Slavery, then surely, by the same reasoning, we may judge thee a deliverer who wished to release millions from a more cruel oppression. If the American people honor Washington for resisting with bloodshed for seven years an unjust tax, how much more ought thou to be honored for seeking to free the poor slaves.

Oh, I wish I could plead for thee as some of the other sex can plead, how I would seek to defend thee! If I had now the eloquence of Portia, how I would turn the scale in thy favor! But I can only pray, "God bless thee!" God pardon thee, and through our Redeemer, give thee safety and happiness now and always. From thy friend. E. B.

JOHN BROWN'S REPLY.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., Nov. 1, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND E. B. OF R. I.: Your most cheering letter of the 27th of Oct. is received, and may the Lord reward you a thousand fold for the kind feeling you express toward me; but more especially for your fidelity to the "poor that cry, and those that have no help." For this I am a prisoner in bonds. It is solely my own fault, in a military point of view, that we met with our disaster — I mean that I mingled with our prisoners and so far sympathized with them and their families that I neglected my duty *in other* respects. But God's will, not mine, be done.

You know that Christ once armed Peter. So also in my case, I think he put a sword into my hand, and there continued it, so long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me. I mean when I first went to Kansas. I wish you could know with what cheerfulness I am now wielding the "Sword of the Spirit" on the right hand and on the left. I bless God that it proves "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." I always loved my Quaker friends, and I commend to their kind regard my poor bereaved widowed wife, and my daughters and daughters-in-law, whose husbands fell at my side. One is a mother and the other likely to become so soon. They, as well as my own sorrow-stricken daughter, are left very poor, and have much greater need of sympathy than I, who, through Infinite Grace and the kindness of strangers, am "joyful in all my tribulations."

Dear sister, write them at North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y., to comfort their sad hearts. Direct to Mary A. Brown, wife of John Brown. There is also another — a widow,

wife of Thompson, who fell with my poor boys in the affair at Harper's Ferry, at the same place.

I do not feel conscious of guilt in taking up arms; and had it been in behalf of the rich and powerful, the intelligent, the great — as men count greatness — if those who form enactments to suit themselves and corrupt others, or some of their friends, that I interfered, suffered, sacrificed, and fell, it would have been doing very well. But enough of this.

These light afflictions which endure for a moment, shall work out for me *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* I would be very grateful for another letter from you. My wounds are healing. *Farewell.* God will surely attend to his own cause in the best possible way and time, and he will not forget the work of his own hands.

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN TO HIS WIFE.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., Nov. 8, 1859.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN, EVERY ONE: I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am quite weak in my back and sore about my left kidney. My appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt. I am supplied with almost every thing I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I do lack (some articles of clothing, which I lost), I may perhaps soon get again. I am, besides, quite cheerful, having (as I trust) the peace of God which "passeth all understanding" to "rule in my heart," and the testimony (in some degree) of a good conscience that I have not lived altogether in vain. I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and Humanity) with my blood will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this; not feeling yourselves in the least *degraded* on that account. Remember, dear wife and children, all that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross as a felon — under the most aggravating circumstances. Think, also, of the prophets, and apostles, and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I; and (try) to be reconciled. May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To him be endless praise. Think, too, of the crushed millions who "have no comforter." I charge you all never (in your trials) to forget the griefs "of the poor that cry, and of those that have none to help them." I wrote most earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife not to come on for the present at any rate. I will now give her my reasons for doing so. First, it would use up all the scanty means she has, or is at all likely to have to make herself and children comfortable hereafter. For let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children, than there is about trying to relieve poor "niggers." Again, the little comfort it might afford us to meet again, would be dearly bought by the pains of a final separation. We must part, and I feel assured for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances would only add to our distress. If she come on here she must be only a gazing stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked upon in every look, word, and action, and by all sorts of creatures, and by all sorts of papers throughout the whole country. Again, it is my most decided judgment that in quietly and submissively staying at home vastly more of generous sympathy will her reach; without such dreadful sacrifice of feeling as she must

put up with if she comes on. The visits of one or two female friends that have come on here have produced great excitement, which is very annoying, and they cannot possibly do me any good. Oh, Mary, do not come, but patiently wait for the meeting (of those who love God and their fellow-men) where no separation must follow. "They shall go no more out forever." I greatly long to hear from some one of you, and to learn any thing that in any way affects your welfare. I sent you $10 the other day — did you get it? I have also endeavored to stir up Christian friends to visit and write to you in your deep affliction. I have no doubt that some of them at least will heed the call. Write to me, care of Capt. John Avis, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va.

"Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort." May all your names be "written on the Lamb's book of life" — may you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion — is the earnest prayer of your affectionate husband and father,

JOHN BROWN.

P. S. — I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine, and a cloudless sky. But, beloved ones, do remember that this is not your rest; that in this world you have no abiding place or continuing city. To God and His infinite mercy I always commend you.

Nov. 9. J. B.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN TO HIS HALF-BROTHER.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., Nov. 12, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER JEREMIAH, — Your kind letter of the 9th inst. is received, and also one from Mr. Tilden, for both of which I am greatly obliged. You inquire "Can I do anything for you or your family?" I would answer that my sons, as well as my wife and daughter are all very poor, and that anything that may hereafter be due me from my father's estate, I wish paid to them, as I will endeavor *hereafter to describe*, without legal formalities to consume it all. One of my boys has been so entirely used up as very likely to be in want of comfortable clothing for the winter. I have, through the kindness of friends, fifteen dollars to send him, which I will remit shortly. If you know where to reach *him*, please send him that amount at once, as I shall remit the same to *you* by a safe conveyance. If I had a plain statement from Mr. Thompson of the state of my accounts, with the estate of my father, I should then better know what to say about that matter. As it is I have not the least memorandum left me to refer to. If Mr. Thompson will make me a statement, and charge *my dividend fully for his trouble*, I would be greatly obliged to him. In that case you can send me any remarks of your own. I am gaining in health slowly; and am *quite cheerful* in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to *hang* than for any other purpose. God Almighty bless and save you all.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN BROWN.

P. S. — Nov. 13. — Say to my poor boys never to grieve for one moment on my account, and should many of you live to see the time when you will not blush to own your relation to Old John Brown, it will not be more strange than many things that have happened. I feel a thousand times more on account of my sorrowing friends than on my own account. So far as *I am concerned*, I "count it all joy." "I have fought the good fight," and have, as I trust, "finished my course." Please show this

to any of my family that you may see. My love to all, and may God, in his infinite mercy, for Christ's sake, bless and save you all.

Your affectionate brother, J. Brown.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN TO A GENTLEMAN IN WEST NEWTON.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 15, 1859.

My Dear Sir, — Your most kind communication of the 5th inst. was received by me in due time. You request a few lines from me, which I cannot deny you, though much at a loss what to write. Your kind mention of *some* things in my conduct here which you approve is very comforting indeed to my mind; yet I am conscious that you do me more than justice. I do certainly feel that, through Divine grace, *I have endeavored* to be "faithful in a few things," mingling with even these much of imperfection. I am certainly unworthy "even to suffer affliction with the *people of God*." Yet, in Infinite grace, He has *thus* honored me. May the *same grace* enable me to serve Him in "*new obedience*" through my little remainder of this life, and to rejoice in Him forever. I cannot feel that God will suffer the poorest services we may any of us render Him or His cause to be lost or in vain.

I do feel "dear Brother," that I am wonderfully "strengthened from on high." May I use that strength in "showing *His strength* unto this generation," and His power to every one that is to come.

I am most grateful for your assurance that my poor shattered, heart-broken "family will not be forgotten." I have long tried to commend them to "the God of my Father." I have *many* opportunities for *faithful plain dealing* with the more powerful, influential and intelligent class in this region, which I trust are not entirely misimproved. I *humbly trust that* I firmly believe that God reigns, and I think I can truly say, "Let the earth rejoice."

May God take care of His *own cause* and of His own name, as well as of them who love their neighbors. Farewell.

Yours in truth, John Brown.

LETTER FROM THE REV. L. W. BACON.

Litchfield, Ct., Nov. 21, 1859.

To the Editors of The Independent: — My aged friend, the Rev. H. L. Vaill of this place, remembers John Brown as having been under his instruction in the year 1817, at Morris Academy. He was a godly youth, laboring to recover from his disadvantages of early education, in the hope of entering the ministry of the Gospel. Since then the teacher and pupil have met but once to take "a retrospective look over the route by which God had led them." But a short time since Mr. Vaill wrote to Brown, in his prison, a letter of Christian friendship, to which he has received the following heroic and sublime reply.

Has ever such an epistle been written from a condemned cell since the letter "to Timotheus," when Paul "was brought before Nero the second time?"

I have copied it faithfully from the autograph that lies before me, without the change or omission of a word, except to omit the full name of the friends to whom he sends his message.

The words in italics and capitals are so underscored in the original. The handwriting is clear and firm, but toward the end of the sheet seems to show that the sick old man's hand was growing weary. The very characters make an appeal to us for our sympathy and prayers. "His salutation with his own hand. Remember his bonds."

Truly yours, L. W. Bacon.

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN BROWN IN PRISON.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA., November 15, 1859.

THE REV. H. L. VAILL—*My Dear, Steadfast Friend:*—Your most kind and most welcome letter of the 8th inst. reached me in due time.

I am very grateful for all the good feeling you express, and also for the kind counsels you give, together with your prayers in my behalf. Allow me here to say, notwithstanding "my soul is among lions," still I believe that "God in very deed is with me." You will not, therefore, feel surprised when I tell you that I am "joyful in all my tribulations;" that I do not feel condemned of Him whose judgment is just, nor of my own conscience. Nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or prospect of the gallows. I have not only been (though utterly unworthy) permitted to "suffer affliction with God's people," but have also had a great many rare opportunities for "preaching righteousness in the great congregation." I trust it will not all be lost. The jailor (in whose charge I am) and his family, and assistants, have all been most kind; and notwithstanding he was one of the bravest of all who fought me, he is now being abused for his humanity. So far as my observation goes, none but brave men are likely to be humane to a fallen foe. "Cowards prove their courage by their ferocity." It may be done in that way with but little risk.

I wish I could write you about a few only of the interesting times I here experience with different classes of men, *clergymen* among others. Christ, the great Captain of *liberty* as well as of salvation, and who began his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand, ("the sword of the Spirit,") and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier, wherever He may send me, not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my warmest sympathizers.

My dear old friend, I do assure you I have not forgotten our last meeting, nor our retrospective look over the route by which God had then led us; and I bless his name that He has again enabled me to hear your words of cheering and comfort at a time when I, at least, am on the "brink of Jordan." See Bunyan's Pilgrim. God in infinite mercy grant us soon another meeting on the opposite shore. I have often passed under the rod of Him whom I call my Father; and certainly no son ever needed it oftener; and yet I have enjoyed much of life, as I was enabled to discover the secret of this somewhat early. It has been in making the prosperity and happiness of others my own; so that really I have had a great deal of prosperity. I am very prosperous still; and looking forward to a time when "peace on earth and good will to men" shall every where prevail. I have no murmuring thoughts or envious feelings to fret my mind. "I'll praise my Maker with my breath."

I am an unworthy nephew of Deacon John, and I loved him much; and in view of the many choice friends I have had here, I am led the more earnestly to pray "gather *not* my soul with the *unrighteous*."

Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to them:

As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that any thing I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity. And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly pay. I often expressed that belief; and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not as yet, in the main, at all disappointed. I have been a good deal disappointed as it regards myself in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entirely reconciled to that, even; for God's plan was infinitely better,

om, axe, scythe, hoe, flail, &c., should first be learned, at all events, ino, &c., AFTERWARDS. I put them in that order as most conducive and mind; and for the obvious reason, that after a life of some *ex-uch observation*, I have found *ten women* as well as *ten men* who have n life *Right*, whose early training was of that *plain, practical* kind, to more popular and fashionable *early* training. But enough of

to your coming here: If you feel sure that you can endure the trials ich will be *unavoidable* (if you come), I should be most glad to see it when I think of your being insulted on the road, and perhaps nly seeing your wretchedness made complete, *I shrink* from it. Your titude of mind may be *quite equal to it all*; but I am in *dreadful doubt come*, defer your journey till about the 27th or 28th of this month. you will have to pass through on coming here will be *any thing but* , with tender, kind-hearted friends, and kind faces to meet you every *fer the matter we'll* before you make the *plunge*. I think I had better *s most painful* subject. My health improves a little; my mind is very joyous, and I continue to receive every kind attention that I have of. I wish you to send copies of all my letters to all our poor chil-rite to one must answer for all, till I have more strength. I get ters from friends in almost all directions, to encourage me to "be of still have, *as I trust*, "the peace of God to rule in my heart." May ake, ever make his face to shine on you all.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN BROWN.

ent letter, dated November 24, we make the following extract:—

ny interesting visits from Pro-Slavery persons, almost daily, and I *e them faithfully, plainly, and kindly*. I do not think I ever enjoyed nce my confinement here. For this I am indebted to *Infinite grace*, om friends from different quarters. I wish I could only know that all re as composed and as happy as *I*. I think nothing but the Christian make any one so composed.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.

JOHN BROWN.

OM JOHN BROWN TO A FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 17, 1859.

ING FRIEND,—I have just received your most kind and welcome inst., but did not get any other from you. I am under many obli-l to your father, for all the kindness you have shown me, especially May God and your own consciences ever be your rewarders. Tell am quite cheerful—that I do not feel myself in the least degraded nt, chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, the soul. I go joyfully in behalf of millions that "have no rights" *g'orious*, this *Christian* Republic is "bound to respect." Strange political as well as Christian, since 1776! I look forward to other nce in God's good time, fully believing that the "fashion of this y."

God abundantly bless you all!

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

Extracts from the last letter received by Mrs. Brown, before she started to go to Charlestown, bearing date Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va., Nov. 26, 1859, in which, after referring to his wife's being under Mrs. Mott's roof, he proceeds to say:

I remember the faithful old lady well; but presume she has no recollection of me. I once set myself to oppose a mob at Boston, where she was. After I interfered, the police immediately took up the matter, and soon put a stop to mob proceedings. The meeting was, I think, in Marlboro' Street Church, or Hotel, perhaps. I am glad to have you make the acquaintance of such old "pioneers" in the cause. I have just received from Mr. John Jay of New York a draft for $50 (fifty dollars.) for the benefit of my family, and will inclose it made payable to your order. I have also $15 (fifteen dollars.) to send to our crippled and destitute unmarried son; when I can, I intend to send you, by express, two or three little articles to carry home. Should you happen to meet with Mr. Jay, say to him that you fully appreciate his great kindness both to me and my family. God bless all such friends. It is out of my power to reply to all the kind and encouraging letters I get; I wish I could do so. I have been so much relieved from my lameness for the last three or four days as to be able to sit up to read and write pretty much all day, as well as part of the night; and I do assure you and all other friends that I am quite busy, and none the less happy on that account. The time passes quite pleasantly, and the near approach of my great change is not the occasion of any particular dread.

I trust that God, who has sustained me so long will not forsake me when I most feel my need of Fatherly aid and support. Should He hide His face, my spirit will droop and die; but not otherwise, be assured. My only anxiety is to be properly assured of my fitness for the company of those who are "washed from all filthiness;" and for the presence of Him who is infinitely pure. I certainly think I do have some "hunger and thirst after righteousness." If it be only genuine, I make no doubt I "shall be filled." Please let all our friends read my letters when you can; and ask them to accept of it as in part for them. I am inclined to think you will not be likely to succeed well about getting away the bodies of your family; but should that be so, do not let that grieve you. It can make but little difference what is done with them.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

You can well remember the changes you have passed through. Life is made up of a series of changes, and let us try to meet them in the best manner possible. You will not wish to make yourself and children any more burdensome to friends than you are really compelled to do. I would not.

I will close this by saying that if you now feel that you are equal to the undertaking, do exactly as you feel disposed to do about coming to see me before I suffer. I am entirely willing.

Your affectionate husband, JOHN BROWN.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN TO THADDEUS HYATT.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 27, 1859.

THADDEUS HYATT, ESQ.:—My Dear Sir: Your very acceptable letter of the 24th inst. has just been handed to me. I am certainly most obliged to you for it, and all your efforts in behalf of my family and myself. I can form no idea of the objections to your mode of operating in their behalf to which my friend, Dr. ——, refers; and I suppose it is now too late for any explanations from him that would enlighten me. It, your effort, at any rate, takes from my mind the greatest burden I have felt

since my imprisonment, to feel assured that, in some way, my shattered and broken-hearted wife and children would be so far relieved as to save them from great physical suffering. Others may have devised a better way of doing it. I had no advice in regard to it, and feel very grateful to know, while I was yet living, of almost any active measure being taken. I hope no offence is taken at yourself or me in the matter. I am beginning to familiarize my mind with new and very different scenes. Am very cheerful. Farewell, my friend.

JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER TO HIS FAMILY.

CHARLESTOWN PRISON,
JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA., Nov. 30, 1859.

MY DEARLY BELOVED WIFE, SONS AND DAUGHTERS, EVERY ONE: As I now begin what is probably the last letter I shall ever write to any of you, I conclude to write to all at the same time. I will mention some little matters particularly applicable to little property concerns in another place.

I recently received a letter from my wife, from near Philadelphia, dated Nov. 22, by which it would seem that she was about giving up the idea of seeing me again. I had written her to come on, if she felt equal to the undertaking, but I do not know that she will get my letter in time. It was on her own account chiefly that I asked her to stay back. At first I had a most strong desire to see her again, but there appeared to be very serious objections; and should we never meet in this life, I trust that she will in the end be satisfied it was for the best at least, if not most for her comfort. I inclosed in my last letter to her a draft of $50 from John Jay, made payable to her order. I have now another to send her, from my excellent old friend Edward Harris, of Woonsocket, R. I., for $100, which I shall also make payable to her order.

I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of good and of humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful, as well as just and holy God rules not the affairs of this world, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances, — even those more severely trying ones into which our own feelings and wrongs have placed us. I have now no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success. So, my dear shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God with all your heart, and with all your soul, for he doeth all things well. Do not feel ashamed on my account, nor for one moment despair of the cause or grow weary of well doing. I bless God I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and glorious day than I have felt, and do now feel, since my confinement here. I am endeavoring to return, like a poor prodigal as I am, to my Father, against whom I have always sinned, in the hope that he may kindly and forgivingly meet me, though a great way off.

Oh, my dear wife and children, would to God you could know how I have been travailing in birth for you all, that no one of you may fail of the grace of God.

Through Jesus Christ, — that no one of you may be blind to the truth and glorious light of his Word, in which life and immortality are brought to light, I beseech you every one, to make the Bible your daily and nightly study, with a child-like, honest, candid, reachable spirit of love and respect for your husband and father.

beseech the God of my fathers to open all your eyes to the discovery of the
'ou cannot imagine how much you may soon need the consolations of the
religion. Circumstances like my own, for more than a month past, have
l me beyond all doubt of our great need of some theories treasured up for
i our prejudices are excited, our vanity worked up to the highest pitch.
ot trust your eternal all upon the boisterous ocean, without even a helm or
o aid you in steering. I do not ask of you to throw away your reason; I
you to make a candid, sober use of your reason.
ir younger children, will you listen to this last poor admonition of one who can
you? Oh! be determined at once to give your whole heart to God, and let
hake or alter that resolution. You need have no fears of regretting it. Do
in and thoughtless, but sober-minded; and let me entreat you all to love the
nnant of our once great family. Try and build up again your broken walls,
ake the utmost of every stone that is left. Nothing can so tend to make life
; as the consciousness that your life and example bless and leave you the
Still, it is ground of the utmost comfort to my mind to know that so many
have had the opportunity have given some proof of your fidelity to the great
men. Be faithful unto death; from the exercise of habitual love to man it
i very hard to love his Maker.
yet insert the reason for my firm belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible,
anding I am, perhaps, naturally skeptical, certainly not credulous. I wish all
r it most thoroughly, when you read that blessed book, and see whether you
scover such evidence yourselves. It is the purity of heart feeling our minds
s work and actions, which is every where insisted on, that distinguishes it
he other teachings, that commends it to my conscience. Whether my heart
; and obedient or not, the inducement that it holds out is another reason of
tions of its truth and genuineness; but I do not here omit this my last argu-
he Bible, that eternal life is what my soul is panting after this moment. I
his as a reason for endeavoring to leave a valuable copy of the Bible to be
preserved in remembrance of me, to so many of my posterity, instead of
r book at equal cost.
ch you all to live in habitual contentment, with moderate circumstances and
rorldly store, and earnestly to teach this to your children and children's chil-
r you, by example as well as precept. Be determined to know by expe-
i soon as may be, whether Bible instruction is of divine origin or not. Be
re no man anything, but to love one another. John Rogers wrote to his chil-
bhor that arrant whore of Rome." John Brown writes to his children to
th undying hatred also, that sum of all villanies,—Slavery. Remember, he
w to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth in spirit than he
h a city. Remember, also, that they, being wise, shall shine, and they that
y to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.
w, dearly beloved family, to God and the work of His Grace I commend you

Your affectionate husband and father,

JOHN BROWN.

BROWN'S LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY OF SPRINGFIELD.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., Nov. 27, 1859.

EAR MISS ——: Your most kind and cheering letter of the 18th inst. is
Although I have not been at all low spirited nor cast down in feeling since
risoned and under sentence, which I am fully aware is to be carried out, it

mandling it to certify its record up to that Court. On the presentation of the petition no argument is heard. The Supreme Court of Appeals, we suppose, is presumed by law to be capable of perceiving whether a judgment is "*plainly right*," without discussion; and also, we suppose, that it is further presumed to be sufficiently cautious and conscientious not to declare a record "*plainly right*" unless it is so; — that is to say, unless its correctness is so plain that there is no room for genuine difference of opinion between any two persons competent to conduct such an investigation. If two such persons might differ, then the judgment complained of cannot be "*plainly right*," since that which *plainly* exists will surely be visible to one competent mind as well as to another.

In order to facilitate the discussion and to save needless trouble, Messrs. Green and Chilton, and the Attorney General of Virginia, agreed to be ready and to argue the case in full, — with the consent of the Court — on the presentation of the petition, without awaiting the issuing and return of the writ of error. To this, however, the Court of Appeals did not assent, on the ground that such a course was unusual.

Thereupon, the papers being presented to the Court, the five judges retired, and after deliberation, returned again, with a refusal to entertain the subject further, and to grant a writ of error, — for the reason that the judgment of the County Court was "*plainly right*."

The refusal to hear any argument enabled the Court, without violation of its customary practice, to render a decision without any statement of the reasons influencing their conclusion; whereas, had the writ been issued, and the case been fully heard, the Court would have found it necessary to deliver a formal opinion embodying their conclusions, and to have supported it by argument and authority.

It is well known that several eminent jurists who had examined the points made in behalf of the petitioner, concurred in the opinion, not only that they demanded judicial consideration, but that some of them were of such value as fairly to entitle the petitioner, if dispassionately treated, to expect a favorable decision.

It is certainly to be regretted, (though not in view of the progress of liberty, and of its ultimate early triumph,) that the executive and judicial authorities of Virginia proved themselves to be inadequate to the lofty, though difficult duty, of holding with even hands the reins of authority, surmounting the passions of the hour and the occasion, and of directing the storm.

Sincere lovers of pure justice, — great men equal to the responsibilities of greatness, patriotically devoted to the preservation of public liberty and the union of the American States, — would have been careful in an exigency like this to have held up the Commonwealth of Virginia before the people of America, — a spectacle of forbearance, patience, cautiousness and magnanimity. Thus Virginia would have strengthened her position and influence in the family of States, and would have given assurance of her fidelity and her patriotism. But, unhappily, the counsels of Virginia are distracted and perverted by men who know no sentiment so strong as that of dislike to the institutions of the North, and the freedom which distinguishes its people, and which is so inconsistent with, and impossible to, a society encumbered with slaves.

MRS. BROWN'S VISIT TO HER HUSBAND.

On Wednesday night previous to the execution Mrs. Brown arrived at Harper's Ferry from Baltimore, under the escort of Mr. J. Miller McKim and lady of Philadelphia and a gentleman named Tisdale. She brought a passport from Gov. Wise, which had been sent to her at Philadelphia, of which the following is a copy.

A PASSPORT FROM GOV. WISE.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 26, 1859.

To MRS. MARY A. BROWN—NOW IN PHILADELPHIA:

Madam: Yours of the 21st inst., addressed to me from Philadelphia, came to my hand this morning. Believe me, Madam, I sadly thank you for your trust in my feelings as a man. Your situation touches those feelings deeply. Sympathizing as I do with your affliction, you shall have the exertion of my authority and personal influence to assist you in gathering up the bones of your sons and your husband in Virginia, for decent and tender interment among their kindred.

I am happy, Madam, that you seem to have the wisdom and virtue to appreciate my position of duty. Would to God that public consideration could avert his doom, for the Omniscient knows that I take not the slightest pleasure in the execution of any whom the laws condemn. May He have mercy on the erring and the afflicted!

Inclosed is an order to Major General William B. Taliaferro, in command at Charlestown, Va., to deliver to your order the mortal remains of your husband when all shall be over, to be delivered to your agent at Harper's Ferry; and if you attend the reception in person, to guard you sacredly in your solemn mission.

With tenderness and truth, I am, very respectfully, your humble servant,

HENRY A. WISE.

The following official orders to the Commander in Chief of the Military forces at Charlestown and to the Sheriff of Jefferson County were enclosed in the above.

GOV. WISE TO GEN. TALIAFERRO.

RICHMOND, Nov. 26, 1859.

To MAJOR GENERAL WM. B. TALIAFERRO, IN COMMAND AT CHARLESTOWN:

Sir: When John Brown is executed on Friday, the 2d proximo, you will place his mortal remains under strict guard and protect them from all mutilation. Place them in a plain, decent coffin, and have them taken to Harper's Ferry, there to await the orders and agent of Mrs. Mary A. Brown, who has a duplicate of this order. You will also allow the bodies of her sons, who fell at Harper's Ferry, to be disinterred and taken by her or her agent or order.

Respectfully, yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

GOV. WISE TO THE SHERIFF.

RICHMOND, Nov. 27, 1859.

To THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF JEFFERSON, VA.

Sir: The wife of John Brown, who is to be executed in your county on the 2d proximo, has requested that his body shall be delivered, after execution, to her. I ask that you will deliver it to a guard under the order of Gen. Taliaferro, who has orders from me to cause it to be conducted to Harper's Ferry, there to be delivered to the widow, or her agent or order.

Very respectfully, yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

Captain Avis, who was the only witness of that sorrowful scene, (his fellow Stephens having been placed in an adjoining cell before the entrance of wn), the following record comes:

Brown spoke first: "Wife, I am glad to see you," he said.

dear husband, it is a hard fate."

ll, well; cheer up. We must all bear it in the best manner we can. I believe for the best."

r poor children; God help them."

ose that are dead to this world are angels in another. How are all those still ? Tell them their father died without a single regret for the course he has pur— that he is satisfied he is right in the eyes of God and of all just men."

rs. Brown then spoke of their remaining children, and their home. Brown's voice, e alluded to the bereavements of his family, was broken with emotion. After a f pause, Brown said:

Mary, I would like you to get the bodies of our two boys who were killed at rper's Ferry, also the bodies of the two Thompsons, and, after I am dead, place us together on a wood pile, and set fire to the wood, burn the flesh, then collect our ses and put them in a large box, then have the box carried to our farm in Essex unty and there bury us."

Mrs. Brown said, "I really cannot consent to do this. I hope you will change your nd on this subject. I do not think permission would be granted to do any such thing. r my sake, think no more of such an idea."

"Well, well," Brown answered, "do not worry or fret about it; I thought the plan uld save considerable expense, and was the best."

Mrs. Brown observed a chain about the ankles of her husband. To avoid its galling limbs, he had put on two pairs of woollen socks. Mrs. Brown said she was desirous procuring the chain as a family relic. She had already at her home the one with ich the limbs of John Brown, Jr., were inhumanely shackled in Kansas, and in which was goaded on by the Border devils until he was mad, and the chain had worn ough his flesh to the bone; and this, too, she desired. Captain Brown said he had nself asked that it be given to his family, and had been refused.

Mrs. Brown then spoke of Gerritt Smith, and asked if her husband had heard of the liction that had visited him. Brown answered:

"Yes, I have read something about it."

"Do you know that he is now in Utica?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I have been so informed; he was a good friend, and I exceedingly regret his sfortune. How is he; have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes, I heard direct from him a few days ago. He was thought to be improving."

"I am really glad to hear it."

Nothing more was said upon this subject.

The conversation then turned upon matters of business, which Brown desired to ve arranged after his death. He gave his wife all the letters and papers which were ested for this purpose, and read to her the will which had been drawn up for him by r. Hunter, carefully explaining every portion of it. The document is as follows:

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JOHN BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., December 1st, 1859.

I give to my son, John Brown, Jr., my surveyor's compass and other surveyor's arti-s, if found; also, my old granite monument, now at North Elba, N. Y., to receive

After this Mr. and Mrs. Brown took supper together. This occupied only a few minutes. Their last sorrowful meal being concluded, and the time approaching at which they must part, Mrs. Brown asked to be permitted to speak to the other prisoners. But Gen. Taliaferro's orders forbade this, though Capt. Avis expressed a willingness to permit her to see them even at the risk of violating orders. She declined to see them under the circumstances. The prisoners were much gratified to learn this fact, and I was informed by Capt. Avis that Coppie wrote a beautiful and feeling letter to Mrs. Brown during the morning. It was remarkable for its allusions to Capt. Brown and his trials, and the fullness of sympathy expressed for her and the members of her family, without mentioning his own situation at all.

Brown then touched upon business affairs, until an order was received from the Commander-in-Chief, saying that the interview must terminate. Brown then said: "Mary, I hope you will always live in Essex County. I hope you will be able to get all our children together, and impress the inculcation of the right principles to each succeeding generation. I give you all the letters and papers which have been sent me since my arrest. I wish you also to take all my clothes that are here, and carry them home. Good by, good by. God bless you!"

As he handed the papers to her in the cell, he said: "I have something else to add to my statement; perhaps I will have time to do it to-morrow." And, turning to Capt. Avis, he said: "What is the hour to-morrow?" "Eleven o'clock," was the answer, in a solemn tone.

On looking over the papers received with the body, Mrs. Brown found an addendum in writing, beginning, "I have time to add," &c.—indicating that it must have been written just before he left the jail for the scaffold. The document referred to the affairs of his family.

The letter of Coppie reads as follows:

LETTER FROM EDWIN COPPIE TO MRS. BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, Va., Nov. —, 1859.

MRS. JOHN BROWN—*Dear Madam:* I was very sorry that your request to see the rest of the prisoners was not complied with. Mrs. Avis brought me a book, whose pages are full of truth and beauty, entitled "Voices of the True-Hearted," which she told me was a present from you. For this dear token of remembrance, please accept my many thanks.

My comrade, J. E. Cook, and myself, deeply sympathize with you in your sad bereavement. We were both acquainted with Anna and Martha. They were to us as sisters, and as brothers we sympathize with them in the dark hour of trial and affliction.

I was with your sons when they fell. Oliver lived but a very few moments after he was shot. He spoke no word, but yielded calmly to his fate. Watson was shot at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and died about 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning. He suffered much. Though mortally wounded at 10 o'clock, yet at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon he fought bravely against the men who charged on us. When the enemy were repulsed, and the excitement of the charge was over, he began to sink rapidly.

He handed to each a quarter of a dollar, adding that he had now no further use for money.

He visited Cook and Coppie, who were chained together, and remarked to Cook, "You have made false statements." Cook asked, "What do you mean?" Brown answered, "Why, by stating that I sent you to Harper's Ferry." Cook replied, "Did you not tell me in Pittsburg to come to Harper's Ferry and see if Forbes had made any disclosures?" Brown returned, "No sir; you know I protested against your coming." Cook added, "Captain Brown, we remember differently;" at the same time dropping his head.

The reports by telegraph to the daily papers say:

"Brown then turned to Coppie, and said, 'Coppie, you also made false statements, but I am glad to hear you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man.' He also handed him a quarter."

We have authority for stating that no such address was made to Coppie. Great injustice is done to a man of known truthfulness and courage by the implication, incorrectly put into the mouth of his leader, that he had in any respect played false.

The prisoner was then taken to Stephens' cell. The two fellow-prisoners kindly interchanged greetings. Stephens said, "Good bye, Captain, I know you are going to a better land." Brown replied, "I know I am."

Capt. Brown told the Sheriff that he was ready.

THE EXECUTION.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friend or foe, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotic hearts petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her off-spring, and some day, when over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginia liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Sadler, the undertaker. In the box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, inclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his place in the seat with Capt. Avis, the jailer—whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, too, was one of Brown's stanchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

No clergyman attended him in his last hours. He would accept no religious rites from men who defended slavery as a divine institution. As no anti-slavery minister was to be found in the neighborhood, he preferred to have none at all.

His elbows and ankles were then pinioned; the rope—a slender tarred hemp cord—was adjusted around his neck; and the white cowl drawn over his head. The Sheriff requested him to step forward on the trap. The soldiers marched, countermarched, and took position as if in face of an imaginary enemy—the prisoner meanwhile standing bound, blinded and on the edge of death! Capt. Avis asked, "Are you tired?" to which the undaunted old man replied from beneath his linen shroud, "No, not tired; but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary." The Sheriff asked him if he would hold a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. He replied, "No, I do not want it; but do not detain me longer than is absolutely necessary."

At length, after a sufficient delay to vindicate the military prowess of Virginia, the signal was given, the rope was cut with a hatchet, the trap fell with a loud grating of its hinges, and the old man was left swinging in the air!

The hands clenched spasmodically for nearly five minutes, before the rope did its final work. The body was allowed to hang half an hour, before the surgeons came forward to make their examination. It has been publicly stated that the rope cut a finger's depth into the neck; it did not even cut through the skin: it left only a dark blood mark. The Charlestown physicians were the first to come upon the scaffold. The body was swinging with the wind. They put their arms around it to hold it steady, and their ears to the breast to listen if the heart had still a throb. The military surgeons then came forward and repeated the examination. Their object was to take good care that the old man should not be cut down before he was dead. It was even suggested that arsenic should be forced between the lips to make sure work! Virginia seems to have had an early premonition that it was to be no easy matter to put an end to John Brown. Nor have they put an end to him yet! The moment the trap fell and the life was taken, John Brown became more dreaded than before; for every day that has passed since his martyrdom has only magnified him as a terror to the uneasy conscience of a people who trade in slaves. Three states sent ropes to hang him with before the Sheriff could find one strong enough to be trusted with the old man's neck; South Carolina, Missouri and Kentucky! But in five years, Missouri—in ten years, Kentucky—in twenty years, South Carolina, may remember with shame their too eager complicity with the brave man's death!

MRS. BROWN'S RETURN TO THE NORTH.

Mrs. Brown sat in her room in the hotel at Charlestown during the long morning of the execution. Her friends gathered close around her as the hour approached. The sunlight streamed beautifully through the window. It was almost impossible to realize that a day of such cheerfulness was to be a day of such sorrow. The only comfort in that distressing hour was the wife's unshaken faith that her husband would die bravely. And bravely did he die! One of the gentlemen, taking out his watch at a quarter past eleven, remarked quietly, "It is all over!" In a moment the fearful suspense gave way to a relieving grief. The strong-hearted woman—sorrow-stricken days and weeks before, but not until that moment widowed—gave way to convulsive weeping, and to the agony of a broken heart. But the remembrance of her husband's fortitude restored her own. She quickly composed herself to a remarkable degree, and began to make preparations for her return.

The body, after the examination by the physicians, was taken to Harper's Ferry

September last, shortly before the affair at Harper's Ferry, in which he lost his life. Mr. Brown had indicated it in his last interview with his wife, as a proper place for her to stop at on her way home.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF RESPECT.

Starting at 4 o'clock, P. M., the party reached Rutland, Vt., about 10; there they remained until 5 the next morning, at which hour they resumed their journey, and at 10, A. M., reached Vergennes, Vt., where they were most hospitably entertained. The news that the widow of John Brown had arrived with the body of her husband, spread like wild-fire. Soon the Hotel was crowded by leading citizens of the place, who came to express their respect and sympathy. Carriages were provided in which to convey the body, and the party accompanying it to the lake shore. A procession was formed in front, noiselessly and in a very short space of time, and, when the hour came to start, all moved forward amid the tolling of solemn bells. Arrived at the bridge over Otter Creek, a distance of about a third of a mile, the gentlemen who formed the procession halted, and, forming themselves into a double line and uncovering their heads, allowed the body, with the stricken widow and her friends, to pass through; and thus they took their leave. It was a spontaneous tribute, and an affecting sight.

At the lake shore a boat was in readiness, which deflecting from its usual course, landed them close by the town of West Port; thus, by saving time and trouble, accelerating them on their journey. Mrs. Brown was now among the friends and familiar acquaintances of her husband, and every kindness that the occasion called for was freely bestowed, and her companions, too, shared in the good-will which was cherished for her. Without delay conveyances were provided, and the little party was soon on its way to Elizabethtown, where they were to tarry for the night. A heavy rain was falling, and the snow was disappearing so fast that it had been deemed best to dispense with sleighs and substitute carriage with wheels. On reaching Elizabethtown, which is the seat of justice of Essex County, the party stopped at the hotel kept by E. A. Adams, Esq., who is also Sheriff of the county.

Mr. Adams at once offered the Court House as a place in which to deposit the body for the night, with an assurance that a little company should be found to guard it. This offer was accepted, and in a few minutes, raining as it was, and without any previous notice, a respectable procession was formed, and the body borne to its temporary resting-place. The house was soon filled by the leading residents of the town, eager to learn from Messrs. Phillips and McKim all the particulars of the execution. They found it hard to realize that their old friend and fellow-citizen, the man whom they had known so well, and only known to respect and admire, had actually been put to death. They did not think that in the last extremity, Virginia would do the bloody deed. They did not see how Gov. Wise could have deliberately consented to the death of such a man.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

The party were now within twenty-five miles of their destination. But the road lay over a mountain, and was well-nigh impassable; so that, short as was the distance, it would take the whole of the next day (Wednesday) to accomplish the journey. Mr. Henry Adams, a son of the sheriff, volunteered to start off in the night, with a swift horse, to notify the family of the party's approach. Six young men, including several lawyers of the place, took it upon themselves to sit up all night in the Court House as

bodies of Oliver and Watson, or rather the attempt at disinterment, he had a difficult part to perform. Isabel, the widow of Watson, was unavoidably absent at the time; but the big, tender, anxious eyes of Martha, the interesting widow of Oliver, were intent upon him, and for a moment he seemed embarrassed, — but, with a few words on the comparative unimportance of what becomes of one's body after the spirit, which is its life, has taken its flight, and upon the natural changes in the human tissues which in the lapse of time must necessarily take place, he added that Col. Barber had given his assurance that all the bodies should be disinterred and reburied with becoming decency, and then passed on to other topics. He told them as much as he could recall of what had been related to him of their father's last hours, and lingered, evidently to their great gratification, over anecdotes which he had heard illustrative of his bravery and other noble qualities.

When Mr. McKim had finished, Mr. Phillips took up the theme, and, in the tenderest and most beautiful manner, pursued it, till all tears were wiped away. A holy, pensive joy seemed gradually to dispel grief, and a becoming filial and conjugal pride seemed to reconcile these stricken ones to their destiny.

THE FARM AT NORTH ELBA.

The Brown Farm at North Elba is on the highest arable spot of land in the State, if, indeed, soil so hard and sterile can be called arable. The question was asked in my hearing why Mr. Brown should have chosen a spot so difficult of cultivation and yielding so poor a requital to labor? and the answer was, that he had come there in pursuance of the great purpose of his life. This land formerly belonged to Gerritt Smith, and lies near to those large tracts which Mr. Smith had presented as a free gift to certain colored people; and it was to aid these colored people, and through them to benefit their race, that he had originally come to a place so unpromising to the agriculturist.

The house is a medium-sized frame building, such as is common in that part of the country. It has four rooms on the first floor, and corresponding space above. The company was comparatively large, but ample accommodations were found for all; and, though the night was intensely cold, a bountiful supply of good, warm bed-clothing kept all comfortable.

The next morning I had an opportunity, for the first time, of seeing the place as it appeared in daylight, and of beholding the surrounding country. On opening the front door, a glorious sight saluted me. Directly in front, apparently — perhaps from the thinness of the atmosphere — within two or three miles, but really much further off, looms up a rugged chain of the Adirondacks; broken, jagged, massive, and wonderfully picturesque. Off the left stands, in solitary grandeur, the towering pyramid called "White Face" — deriving its name from the color of the rock on its summit. The Saranac and Ausable flow at each side of it; and just at its base, they tell us, is Lake Placid, a sheet of water famed through all this country of fine lakes for its exquisite beauty. On the right is to be seen, in the distance, the peak of McCreary; and on the right of that again, and still further on, McIntyre, the loftiest pinnacle of the Adirondack range, raises his towering crest. Just the country, my first thought was, for the heroic soul of John Brown, and a proper place to be the receptacle of his ashes.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral was placed at one o'clock, from the house, and before that time the neighbors were gathered and all were ready. The country is sparsely settled, and

there was room, with some crowding, for all who came. The services were commenced with a hymn, which had been a great favorite with Mr. Brown, and with which it was said he had successively sung all his children to sleep:

> "Blow ye the trumpet, blow —
> The gladly solemn sound;
> Let all the nations know,
> To earth's remotest bound,
> The year of Jubilee has come," &c.

It was sung to the good old tune of Lennox. It will be at once recognized by all who know anything about the old-fashioned sacred music, and it will readily be seen why it was a favorite with Mr. Brown. The air has a stirring, half-military ring, and the words a smack of liberty. Its themes are "jubilee," "ransom," &c., and it seems to blow the trumpet of freedom.

After the hymn, followed an impressive prayer by the Rev. Joshua Young, of Burlington, Vt. It was a spontaneous offering, as will be readily inferred from the fact that Mr. Young, with his friend Mr. Bigelow, had travelled all night through the storm, and over the dismal mountain, to be present at the burial. It was as follows:

PRAYER.

"Almighty and most merciful God! we lift our souls unto thee, and low our hearts to the unutterable emotions of this impressive hour. O God, thou alone art our sufficient help. Open thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth thy praise. *Thou* art speaking unto us; as in those grand and majestic scenes of nature, so in the great and solemn circumstances which have brought us together. Our souls are filled with awe and are subdued to silence, as we think of that great, reverential, heroic soul, whose mortal remains we are now to commit to the earth, 'dust to dust,' while his spirit dwells with God who gave it, and his memory is enshrined in every pure and holy heart. At his open grave, as standing by the altar of Christ, the divinest friend and Saviour of Man, may we consecrate ourselves anew to the work of truth, righteousness, and love, forevermore to sympathize with the outcast and the oppressed, with the humble and the least of our suffering fellow-men.

"We pray for these afflicted ones — this sadly bereaved and afflicted family. O! God, hear our prayers. We pray for the widow and for the fatherless. O! Lord, put underneath them thy everlasting arms, and grant unto them the richest consolations of thy Holy Spirit. But, father in heaven, in imitation of the self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice of the great departed, putting aside all personal anguish and all private grief, we supplicate thy special blessing upon God's despised ones, — the poor enslaved, for whom our brother laid down his life. Oh, God, cause the oppressed to go free; break any yoke, and prostrate the pride and prejudice that dare to lift themselves up; and O! hasten on the day when no more wrong or injustice shall be done in the earth; when all men shall love one another with pure hearts, fervently, and love God and do his will with all their soul and with all their strength; which we ask in the name and as the disciples of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mr. J. M. McKim then spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF J. MILLER MCKIM.

Mr. McKim said that if he were to consult his feelings, he would be silent. Words were inadequate to such an occasion. These mountain peaks, this weeping group, the body of this great good man before him, — what could he add to their eloquence?

And yet he did not feel altogether at liberty to be silent. It was due to these weeping widows, these bereaved children, these sorrowing friends and neighbors, that he should say something, — something in honor of the hero whose body was to-day to be laid in the dust, — something for the comfort of those whose hearts had been broken, and whose hearth-stones had been left desolate. But what *would* he say? What *could* he say of a man whom they had known better than he? He had not had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Brown. He had never looked on his face till it was cold in death. But he had become acquainted with him by the developments made in the last few weeks. How he honored, loved, and admired him, words could not express. To stand under his roof and aid in his burial, was the greatest honor that had ever been vouchsafed him.

That John Brown was a brave, magnanimous, truthful, consistent man, rested not on the testimony of admiring friends, but was freely conceded by his open enemies.

Mr. McKim then went on to detail some of the last incidents before the execution; how he stepped forth from the prison door with face serene and radiant; with what ease he mounted the wagon in which he was to be carried to the scaffold, and how cheerfully, as he sat on his coffin by the side of his jailer and friend, Captain Avis, he conversed on their way; how delighted he was with the landscape; how emphatic he was in condemning the exclusion from the field, of citizens, and allowing only the military to witness the execution; with what elastic step he ascended the scaffold, and with what dignity, composure, self-poise, and indescribable grandeur he passed through the remaining incidents of the tragic chapter.

Mr. McKim would attempt nothing as a tribute to John Brown. The facts of his life, and especially the latter part of it, were his best eulogy, and he need to say nothing by way of comfort to his bereaved widow and children. Most sincerely did he sympathize with them. But they sorrowed not as those having no hope. They had much to console them. Dear children, said Mr. McKim, my heart bleeds for you; but your father, your husband, your brothers, not only died bravely, but they died usefully; they were all benefactors; they were all martyrs in a holy cause. Not only had he heard testimony borne at the South to the bravery and uprightness of the leader in the extraordinary undertaking, but similar testimony, only in a less degree, to the same qualities on the part of his sons. Oliver Brown, Watson Brown, Dauphin Thompson, William Thompson, all were attested to be — with the exception of this one act, the assault on Harper's Ferry — without reproach, as well as without fear. Don't weep for them, then, as though their lives had been spent in vain, and their death would prove of no effect. The world will yet acknowledge itself debtor to them, and history will embalm their memory. And it is due to those who are in prison to say that they, too, are not unworthy a tribute on this occasion. Of Copeland and Green we had heard nothing while at Harper's Ferry. This was eulogy. If they belong to the oppressed and hated race, and if any thing could be said to their disadvantage, we should have had it ere this. Stephens we had heard was a bad man; but when young Anna Brown took leave of him last summer, he said, "Give my love to all good people — to all that love the truth." Bad men send no such message. As for Coppie, a letter which he held in his hand would illustrate his character. It was brought to Mrs. Brown at Harper's Ferry, by the men who delivered to her the body of her husband, and is published in another part of this volume.

Some of Capt. Brown's friends, said Mr. McKim, speak as though they regarded the result at Harper's Ferry as a disaster. Disastrous in some respects it was, but in no respect a failure. Mr. Brown said, in one of his last letters, "The Captain of my salvation, who is also a Captain of Liberty, has taken away my sword of steel, and put

assuring them that by their sacrifices they had made large contributions to the cause of Freedom and Humanity; that in this respect their position was an honorable, and by many would be regarded as an enviable one, and that the hearts of tens of thousands beat in the deepest sympathy with them.

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips followed Mr. McKim, and said:—

How feeble words seem here! How can I hope to utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to disturb the harmony which his life breathes round this home. One and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I have known him five years." "I have known him ten years." It seems to me as if we had none of us known him. How our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by day, as he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave, tender, Christian life! We see him walking with radiant, serene face to the scaffold, and think what an iron heart, what devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning "My dear wife and children, every one of them" — see him stoop on his way to the scaffold and kiss that negro child — and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Marvellous old man! We have hardly said it when the loved forms of his sons, in the bloom of young devotion, encircle him, and we remember he is not alone, only the majestic centre of a group. Your neighbor farmer went, surrounded by his household, to tell the slaves there were still hearts and right arms ready and nerved for their service. From this roof four, from a neighboring one two, to make up that score of heroes. How resolute each looked into the face of Virginia, how loyally each stood at his post, meeting death cheerfully, till that master-voice said "It is enough." And these weeping children and widow seem so lifted up and consecrated by long, single-hearted devotion to his great purpose, that we dare to remind them how blessed they are in the privilege of thinking that in the last throbs of those brave young hearts, which lie buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, thoughts of them mingled with love to God and hope for the slave. He has abolished Slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate the least. Men walked Boston streets, when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Foolish man! Thrown away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?" We see him standing colossal that day on that blood-stained sod, and severing the tie that bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months — a year or two. Still, it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the Slave system; it only breathes — it does not live — hereafter. Men say, "How coolly brave!" But in him matchless courage seems the least of his merits. How gentleness graced! When the frightened town wished to bear off the body of the Mayor, a man said, "I will go, Miss Fowke, under their rifles, if you will stand between them and me." He knew he could trust their gentle respect for woman. He was right. He went in the thick of the fight and bore off the body in safety. That same girl flung herself between Virginia rifles and your brave young Thompson. They had no pity. The merciless bullet reached him, spite of woman's prayers, though the fight had long been over.

How God has blessed him! How truly he may say, "I have fought a good fight, I have *finished* my course." Truly he has *finished* — done his work. God granted him the privilege to look on his work accomplished. He said, "I will show the South

make it bless us. We dare not say bless you, children of this home; you stand nearer to one whose lips God touched, and we rather bend for your blessing. God make us all worthier of him whose dust we lay among these hills he loved. Here he girded himself and went forth to battle. Fuller success than his heart ever dreamed God granted him. He sleeps in the blessings of the crushed and the poor, and men believe more firmly in virtue, now that such a man has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope.

At the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' remarks, another hymn was sung, during which the coffin was placed on a table before the door, with the face exposed, so that all could see. It was almost as natural as life—far more so than an ordinary corpse. There was a flush on the face, resulting from the peculiar mode of death, and nothing of the pallor that is usual when life is extinct.

Mr. Phineas Norton, who acted as the friend of the family on the occasion, invited all who desired to do so to come and take a last look, and then make way for the family. The neighbors went forward as invited, and took their final leave of all that remained of their cherished friend; and then followed the family. It was a touching sight to see those widows, the eldest still in the prime of life, and the younger one in its opening bud, deprived of their natural companions, leaning, as they stood around the coffin, on the arms of strangers. Such a sight I should not expect to see again if I should live a thousand years.

This scene over, the next that followed was the short procession from the house to the grave. First came Mrs. Brown, supported by Wendell Phillips; then the widow of Oliver Brown, leaning on the arm of Mr. McKim, who, in his other hand, held that of the little girl Ellen; next came the widow of Watson Brown, supported by the Rev. Mr. Young; and after that, though whether next in order I cannot now tell, the widow of William Thompson, leaning on the arm of one of the family. Solomon Brown and his sisters followed, with Henry Thompson, and Ruth, his wife, John Brown's eldest daughter; and then Roswell Thompson and his wife, the aged parents of the two young men of that name who were killed at Harper's Ferry. Then followed the friends and neighbors. As the body was lowered into the grave, a gush of grief, apparently beyond control, burst from the family, and Mr. Young stood forth to comfort them. Raising his deep and mellow voice, and quoting the words written to Timothy by Paul when he was brought before men the second time, and just before his death, he said:—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me; and not to me only, but unto all that love his appearing;" which words he followed with the benediction.

"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the blessing of God our Father, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be and abide with us all, now and forever. Amen."

He added nothing more. The words seemed to fall like balm on all who heard them. The sobs were hushed, and soon the family, with the rest, retired from the grave, leaving the remains of the loved one to their last repose.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

Mr. Brown had expressed a desire that his body should be laid in the shadow of a great rock, not far from his house. This rock, after the more striking features of the scene just named, was the first object to arrest my attention. It stands about fifty feet from the house, is about eight feet in hight, and from fifteen to twenty feet square. It is a very striking and picturesque object, and the recollection of it would not unnaturally suggest to the mind of Mr. Brown a place for the interment of his body.

The sentinel stationed near the jail reported that at a quarter past eight o'clock he observed a man on the jail wall. He challenged him, and, receiving no answer, fired at him. Another head was also seen above the wall; but he retreated as soon as the first one had been fired at. The man at the top of the wall was Cook. He seemed at first determined to jump down; but the sentinel declared his intention of impaling him on his bayonet,—he then retreated into the jail-yard with Coppie, and both gave themselves up without further resistance. Cook afterward remarked that if he could have got over and throttled the guard, he would have made his escape.

The Shenandoah mountains are within ten minutes run of the jail wall, and had he reached them, with his thorough knowledge of the mountains, his arrest would have been difficult, especially as but few of the military could have followed him during the night. They had succeeded after two weeks labor, whenever alone, and at night when the bed clothing muffled the sound of the saw which they had made out of an old Barlow knife, in cutting through their iron shackles, so that they could pry them off at any moment they should have their other work completed.

They had also made a sort of a chisel out of an old bed screw, with which they succeeded, as opportunity would offer, in removing the plaster from the wall, and then brick after brick, until a space sufficient for them to pass through was opened, all to the removal of the outer brick. The part of the wall on which they operated was in the rear of the bed on which they slept; and the bed, being pushed against the wall, completely hid their work from view. The bricks they took out were concealed in the drum of a stove, and the dirt and plaster removed in the course of their work was placed between the bed-clothing. They acknowledged that they had been to work a whole week in making the aperture in the wall.

Their cell being on the first floor, the aperture was not more than five feet above the pavement of the yard, and when freed of their shackles their access to the yard was quite easy. Here, however, there was a smooth brick wall about fifteen feet high, to scale. This difficulty was, however, soon overcome, with the aid of the timbers of the scaffold on which Capt. Brown was hung, and which were intended also for their own execution. They placed these against the wall, and soon succeeded in reaching the top, from which they could have easily dropped to the other side, had not the vigilance of the sentinel on duty so quickly checked their movements. They were arrested in the jail-yard by Gen. Taliaferro and the officer of the day, who rushed to the jail the moment the alarm was given. Gen. Taliaferro immediately telegraphed to Gov. Wise, informing him of the frustrated attempt of the prisoners. His answer directed that the military should immediately take possession of the jail and guard the prisoners until they were executed.

The general impression is that if they had waited till midnight or later, they might have reached the mountains. But it is presumed they were fearful of being watched during the night, or desired to have as much as possible of the darkness to gain a good distance before daylight would allow a general pursuit.

PREPARATION FOR THE EXECUTION.

At daybreak this morning, the *reveille* was sounded from the various barracks, announcing the dawn of the day of execution, and soon the whole community was astir. At 9 o'clock the entire military force in attendance was formed on Main street, and the officers reported ready for duty at head quarters. Those companies detailed for field duty around the gallows immediately took up the line of march, and at 9½ o'clock were in the position assigned them in the field. Those companies detailed for escort duty took up their positions in front of the jail, awaiting orders.

EXECUTION OF COPELAND AND GREEN.

At 10½ o'clock, Gen. Taliaferro, with his staff, numbering about twenty-five officers, having given orders to prepare the two negro prisoners, Shields Green and John Copeland, for execution, took their departure to join the main body of the troops on the field.

The military then formed in a hollow square around the jail, and an open wagon, containing the coffins of the prisoners, drew up in front, with a carriage to convey Sheriff Campbell and his Deputies.

The crowd of citizens and strangers was very great — at least five times as numerous as on the occasion of Brown's execution — most of whom were already on the field, while others wanted to see the prisoners come out.

The religious ceremonies in the cell of the prisoner, were very impressive, and were conducted by the Rev. Mr. North of the Presbyterian, and the Rev. Henry Waugh of the M. E. Church.

At a quarter before 11 o'clock the prisoners, accompanied by the Sheriff and Rev. Mr. North, appeared at the jail door, and with their arms pinioned, moved slowly forward towards the vehicle in waiting for them. They seemed downcast, and wore none of that calm and cheerful spirit evinced by Brown under similar circumstances. They were helped into the wagon and took their seats on their coffins without scarcely looking to the right or left. The escort now commenced to move, and the wagon was closely flanked on either side by a company of riflemen marching in double file, lock step.

At seven minutes before 11 o'clock the procession entered the field occupied by the military. In two minutes more the wagon stopped at the foot of the gallows, and while the prisoners were alighting the companies forming the escort moved off to the position assigned them on the field.

The prisoners mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and were immediately joined by Sheriff Campbell. After a brief prayer by the clergyman the caps were drawn over their heads, and the ropes affixed around their necks.

During the few moments they thus stood, Copeland remained quiet, but Green was engaged in earnest prayer up to the time the trap was drawn, when they were both launched into eternity.

Green died very easy, his neck being broken by the fall. The motion of his body was very slight. Copeland seemed to suffer very much, and his body writhed in violent contortions for several minutes. They were accompanied on the gallows by Reverends Waugh, North, and Leah, to whom they bid an affectionate farewell, and expressed the hope of meeting them in heaven. The bodies were placed in poplar coffins, and carried back to jail.

EXECUTION OF COOK AND COPPIE.

The bodies of the negro prisoners having been brought back to the jail, at about 11¾ o'clock, notice was given to Cook and Coppie that their time was approaching — only one hour more being allowed them. The military movements, similar to those at the first execution, were repeated; and the wagon, with two more coffins, was standing at the door at 12½ o'clock. The same military escort was in readiness, while the closing religious ceremonies were progressing in the cell. Since the failure of their attempt to escape of the previous night they now looked at their fate with the full conviction of its awful certainty. They were reserved and rather quiet but fer-

vently joined in the religious ceremonies conducted by Messrs. North, Leah and Waugh.

When called upon by the sheriff, they stood calm and quietly while their arms were being pinioned, after bidding farewell to the guards at the jail, were helped into the wagon and took seats on their coffins. Their appearance was rather that of hopeless despair than of resignation, and they seemed to take but little notice of anything as the procession slowly moved into the field of death. The wagon reached the scaffold at 13 minutes before 1 o'clock, and the prisoners ascended the scaffold with a determined firmness that was scarcely surpassed by Capt. Brown. A brief prayer was offered up by one of the clergymen, the rope was adjusted, the cap drawn, and both were launched into eternity, in seven minutes after they ascended the gallows. They both exhibited the most unflinching firmness, saying nothing, with the exception of bidding farewell to the minister and sheriff. After the rope was adjusted, Cook exclaimed, "Be quick — as quick as possible," which was also repeated by Coppie. After hanging for about half an hour, both bodies were taken down and placed in black walnut coffins, prepared for them. That of Cook was placed in a poplar box, labelled and directed as follows: "Ashbell P. Willard and Robert Crowley, No. 104 William street, New York; care of Adams's Express." Coppie's body was placed in a similar box, to be forwarded to his mother in Iowa.

CONCLUSION.

And here ends this sad and eventful chapter in our national history. Most of the immediate actors in this bold and self-sacrificing attempt to rescue some, at least, of their fellow men from the despotic tyranny of the South, have been sent to their final account by the hands of the executioner, after a trial and conviction, under the forms of law, for crimes which they did not commit.

Northern politicians, seeking prominent influence in the next Democratic Presidential Convention, and all their satellites and retainers; timid and mole-eyed merchants, partizan presses and hirelings of office, with super-serviceable flunkeyism, are constantly encouraging on the people of the South to blunders and follies such as these.

But the time will surely come, when the honest men of the South will learn and confess that the faithful warnings and manly policy of the Republican Party are as friendly and patriotic as they are wise and humane.

When that time shall arrive, the Grand Conspirator against the life of *Jonathan Cilley*, whose red right hand signed the death-warrant of Brown; the grand conspirator against the Government of the Union in 1856, ready to make his stand at Harper's Ferry and raise the rebel flag — against Fremont if President — will find his level in the ground tier of forgotten public men, remembered only in a spirit of that mercy he is apparently unable either to exhibit or to appreciate.

The trial, conviction, and execution of John Brown form a new chapter in the judicial history of America. The indecent and unscrupulous charges of complicity, against leading Republican Statesmen, fulminated from the organs of the National Administration have opened another chapter in the history of politics. And now the

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

AN ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS,

DELIVERED AT BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOV. 1, 1859.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — I speak with the utmost sincerity when I say that I cannot expect — speaking from this platform, and to you — to say anything on the vital question of the hour, which you have not already heard. I should not in that sense, willingly have come here; but, when a great question divides the community, all men are called upon to vote, and I feel to-night that I am simply giving my vote. I am only saying "ditto" to what you hear from this platform day after day. And I would willingly have avoided, ladies and gentlemen, even at this last moment, borrowing this hour from you. I tried to do better by you. Like the Irishman in the story, I offered to hold the hat of Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, (enthusiastic applause,) if he would only make a speech, and, most unaccountably, I am sorry to say, he declined this generous offer. (Laughter.) So I must fulfil my appointment, and deliver my little lecture myself.

"The Lesson of the Hour?" I think the lesson of the hour is insurrection. (Sensation.) Insurrection of thought always precedes the insurrection of arms. The last twenty years have been insurrection of thought. We seem to be entering on a new phase of the great moral American struggle. It seems to me that we have never accepted as Americans — we have never accepted our own civilization. We have held back from the inference which we ought to have drawn from the admitted principles which underlie our life. We have all the timidity of the old world when we bend our eyes upon ideas of the people; we shrink back, trying to save ourselves from the inevitable might of the thoughts of the millions. The idea of civilization on the other side of the water seems to be that man is created to be taken care of by somebody else. God did not leave him fit to go alone; he is in everlasting pupilage to the wealthy and the educated. The religious or the comfortable classes are an ever-present probate court to take care of him. The old world, therefore, has always distrusted the average conscience — the common sense of the millions.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization — underlying all American life — is, that we do not need any protector. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable, but the best, power this side of the ocean, is the unfettered average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but pasteboard, and intended to be against the thought of the street. Statutes are mere milestones, telling how far yesterday's thought had travelled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land. Somewhat briefly stated, such is the idea of American civilization; uncompromising faith — in the average selfishness, if you choose — of all classes, neutralizing each other, and tending toward that fair play that Saxons love. It seems to me, that on all questions, we dread thought; we shrink behind something; we acknowledge ourselves unequal to the sublime faith of our fathers; and the exhibition of the last twenty years and of the present state of public affairs is, that Americans dread to look their real position in the face.

United States says to-day of popular agitation—that it lets wise men argue questions, and fools decide them. But that early Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of polity and right and wrong, where it was not safe to be just, and where property might be wrung from you by the prejudices of the mob to-morrow, which you had garnered up by the thrift and industry of to-day: that very Athens invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy; God lent to it the noblest intellects, and it flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain peaks of the old world; while Egypt, the hunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the priest, or to be wiser than his grandfather,—where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the grave-clothes of creed and custom as close as their mummies in linen—is hid in the tomb it inhabited; and the intellect which Athens has created for us digs to-day those ashes to find out what hunkerism knew and did. (Cheers.) Now my idea of American civilization is that it is a second part, a repetition of that same sublime confidence in the public conscience and the public thought that made the groundwork of Grecian Democracy.

Well, we have been talking for twenty years. There have been various evidences of growth in education; I will tell you of one. The first evidence that a sinner convicted of sin, and too blind or too lazy to reform—the first evidence that he can give that his nature has been touched, is that he becomes a hypocrite; he has the grace to pretend to be something. Now, the first evidence that the American people gave of that commencing grace of hypocrisy was this: in 1833, when we commenced the Anti-Slavery agitation, the papers talked about slavery, bondage, American slavery, boldly, frankly and bluntly. In a few years it sounded hard; it had a grating effect; the hardest throat of the hardest democrat felt it as it came out. So they spoke of the "patriarchal institution," (laughter,) then of the "domestic institution," (continued laughter,) and then of the "peculiar institution," (laughter)—and in a year or two it got beyond that. Mississippi published a report from her Senate, in which she went a stride beyond, and described it as "economic subordination." (Renewed laughter.) A Southern Methodist bishop was taken to task for holding slaves in reality, but his Methodist brethren were not courageous enough to say "slaves" right out in meeting, and so they said the bishop must get rid of his "impediment"—(loud laughter)—and the late Mr. Rufus Choate, in the last Democratic canvass in my own State, undertaking and necessitated to refer to the institutions of the South, and knowing that his old New England lips, that had spoken so many glorious free truths in the twenty years that were ended, could not foul their last days with the hated word, phrased it "a different type of industry." Now, hypocrisy—why, "it is the homage that Vice renders to Virtue." When men begin to get weary of capital punishment, they banish the gallows inside the jail-yard, and do not let anybody see it without a special card of invitation from the sheriff. And so they have banished slavery into pet phrases and fancy flash-words. If you should dig our Egyptian Hunkerism up from the grave into which it is rapidly sinking, we should have to get a commentator of the true German blood to find out what all these queer, odd, peculiar, imaginative paraphrases mean in this middle of the nineteenth century. That was one evidence of progress.

I believe in moral suasion. I believe the age of bullets is over. I believe the age of ideas is come. I think that is the preaching of our country. The old Hindoo dreamed, you know, that he saw the human race led out to its varied fortune. First, he saw men bitted and curbed, and the reins went back to an iron hand. But his dream changed on and on, until at last he saw men led by reins that came from the brain, and went back into an unseen hand. It was the type of governments; the first a government of despotism, palpable iron; and the last our government, a government of brains, a government of ideas. I believe in it—in public opinion.

Yet, let me say, in passing, that I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains. If you must have the metal; put it into Sharpe's rifles. It is a great deal better used that way than in fetters—a great deal better than in a clumsy statue of a mock great man, for hypocrites to kneel down and worship in a State-house yard. (Loud and renewed cheers, and great hissing.) I am so unused to hisses lately that I have forgotten what I had to say. (Laughter and hisses.) I only know I meant what I did say.

My idea is, public opinion, literature, education, as governing elements.

But some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe, because we have free schools and cheap books, and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years. And books are as cheap in Central and Northern Asia as they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and self-supporting, and as representative of thought, as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Tocqueville says that fifty years before the great revolution, public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is to-day, but it did not save France. You cannot save men by machinery. What India, and France, and Spain wanted, was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions, and their own responsibilities in the face. "Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more," was the prayer that the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes, and seeing things as they are. To the intelligent, thoughtful and determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian people, there is nothing—no institution wicked and powerful enough to be capable of standing against it. In Keats's beautiful poem of "Lamia," a young man had been led captive by a phantom girl, and was the slave of her beauty, until the old teacher came in and fixed his thoughtful eye upon the figure, and it vanished, and the pupil started up himself again.

You see the great Commonwealth of Virginia fitly represented by a pyramid standing upon its apex. A Connecticut born man entered at one corner of her dominions, and fixed his cold grey eye upon the government of Virginia, and it almost vanished in his very gaze. For it seems that Virginia asked leave "to be" of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. (Cheers and applause.) Connecticut has sent out many a schoolmaster to the other thirty States; but never before so grand a teacher as that Litchfield-born schoolmaster at Harper's Ferry, writing upon the Natural Bridge, in the face of nations, his simple copy: "Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God." (Loud cheers.)

I said that the lesson of the hour was insurrection. I ought not to apply that word to John Brown of Ossawotamie, for there was no insurrection in his case. It is a great mistake to call him an insurgent. This principle that I have endeavored so briefly to open to you, of absolute right and wrong, states what? Just this: "Commonwealth of Virginia!" There is no such thing. No civil society, no government can exist, except on the basis of the willing submission of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man.

Everything that calls itself a government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no government. It is only a pirate ship. Virginia, the Commonwealth of Virginia! She is only a chronic insurrection. I mean exactly what I say. I am weighing my words now. She is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the sea a Lord

High Admiral of the Almighty, with his commission to sink every pirate he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century. (Cheers and applause.) I mean literally and exactly what I say. In God's world there are no majorities, no minorities; one, on God's side, is a majority. You have often heard here, doubtless, and I need not tell you, the ground of morals. The rights of that one man are as sacred as those of the miscalled Commonwealth of Virginia. Virginia is only another Algiers. The barbarous horde who gag each other, imprison women for teaching children to read, prohibit the Bible, sell men on the auction-blocks, abolish marriage, condemn half their women to prostitution, and devote themselves to the breeding of human beings for sale, is only a larger and blacker Algiers. The only prayer of a true man for such is, "Gracious Heaven! unless they repent, send soon their Exmouth and Decatur." John Brown has twice as much right to hang Gov. Wise as Gov. Wise has to hang him. (Cheers and hisses.) You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things that lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite; not as men judge it in the rotten morals of the nineteenth century, among a herd of States that calls itself an empire because it weaves cotton and sells slaves. What I say is this: Harper's Ferry was the only government in that vicinity. Respecting the trial, Virginia, true to herself, has shown exactly the same haste that the pirate does when he tries a man on deck, and runs him up to the yard-arm. Unconsciously she is consistent. Now, you do not think this to-day, some of you, perhaps. But I tell you what absolute History shall judge of these forms and phantoms of ours. John Brown began his life, his active life, in Kansas. The South planted that seed; it reaps the first fruit now. Twelve years ago, the great men in Washington, the Websters and the Clays, planted the Mexican War; and they reaped their appropriate fruit in Gen. Taylor and Gen. Pierce pushing them from their statesmen's stools. The South planted the seeds of violence in Kansas, and taught peaceful northern men familiarity with the bowie knife and revolver. They planted 999 seeds, and this is the first one that has flowered; this is the first drop of the coming shower. People do me the honor to say, in some of the Western papers, that this is traceable to some teachings of mine. It is too much honor to such as me. Gladly, if it were not fulsome vanity, would I clutch this laurel of having any share in the great resolute daring of that man who flung himself against an empire in behalf of justice and liberty. They were not the bravest men who fought at Saratoga and Yorktown in the war of 1776. Oh, no; it was rather those who flung themselves at Lexington, few and feeble, against the embattled ranks of an empire till then thought irresistible. Elderly men in powdered wigs and red velvet, smoothed their ruffles and cried, "madmen." Full-fed custom-house men said, "A pistol-shot against Gibraltar!" But Captain Ingraham, under the stars and stripes, dictating terms to the fleet of the Cæsars, was only the echo of that Lexington gun. Harper's Ferry is the Lexington of to-day. Up to this moment Brown's life has been one unmixed success. Prudence, skill, courage, thrift, knowledge of his time, knowledge of his opponents, undaunted daring in the face of the nation — he had all these. He was the man who could leave Kansas and go into Missouri, and take eleven men and give them to liberty, and bring them off on the horses which he carried with him, and two which he took as tribute from their masters in order to facilitate escape. Then, when he had passed his human *proteges* from the vulture of the United States to the safe shelter of the English lion, this is the brave, frank, and sublime truster in God's right and absolute justice, that entered his name in the city of Cleveland, "John Brown, of Kansas," and advertised there two horses for sale, and stood in front of the auctioneer's stand, notifying all bidders of the defect in the title. (Laughter.) But he added with nonchalance, when he

agitation. So, if in a world of sinners you were to put an American Christianity, it would be calm as oil. But put one Christian like John Brown, of Ossawatomie, and he makes the whole crystallize into right and wrong, and marshal themselves on one side or the other. And God makes him the text, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon, and to say to the American people that, whether that old man succeeded in a worldly sense or not, he stood a representative of law, of government, of right, of justice, of religion, and they were pirates that gathered about him, and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life. The banks of the Potomac, doubly dear now to History and to Man! The dust of Washington rests there; and History will see for ever on that river-side the brave old man on his pallet, whose dust, when God calls him hence, the Father of his Country would be proud to make room for beside his own. But if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two more Washingtons at least to make the name of the State anything but abominable to the ages that come after. (Applause and hisses.) Well, I say what I really think (cheers and cries of "good," "good.") George Washington was a great man. Yet I say what I really think. And I know, ladies and gentlemen, that, educated as you have been by the experience of the last ten years here, you would have thought me the silliest as well as the most cowardly man in the world if I should have come, with my twenty years behind me, and talked about anything else to-night except that great example which one man has set us on the banks of the Potomac. You expected, of course, that I should tell you my opinion of it.

I value this element that Brown has introduced into American politics for another reason. The South is a great power — no cowards in Virginia. (Laughter.) It was not cowardice. (Laughter.) Now, I try to speak very plain, but you will misunderstand me. There is no cowardice in Virginia. The South are not cowards. The lunatics in the Gospel were not cowards when they said, "Art thou come to torment us before the time?" (Laughter.) They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. — They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle; they knew its inevitable victory. Virginia did not tremble at an old grey-headed man at Harper's Ferry; they trembled at a John Brown in every man's own conscience. He had been there many years, and, like that terrific scene which Beckford has drawn for us in his "Hall of Eblis," where all ran around, each man with an incurable wound in his bosom, and agreed not to speak of it, so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement, in Church and State, that it never shall be mentioned, for fear the great, ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word. Brown uttered it, and the whole machinery trembled to its very base.

I value that movement. Did you ever see a blacksmith shoe a restless horse? If you have, you have seen him take a small cord and tie his upper lip. If you ask him what he does it for, he will tell you he does it to give the beast something to think of. (Laughter.) Now, the South has extensive schemes. She grasps with one hand a Mexico, and with the other she dictates terms to Church, she imposes conditions on State, she buys up Webster with a little, and Everett with nothing. (Great laughter and applause.) John Brown has given her something else to think of. He has turned her attention inwardly. He has taught her that there has been created a new element in this Northern mind; that it is not merely the thinker, that it is not merely the editor, that it is not merely the moral reformer, but the idea has pervaded all classes of society. — Call them madmen if you will. Hard to tell who's mad. The world says one man is mad. John Brown said the same of the Governor. You re-

Plymouth, and then thirty States. Harper's Ferry is perhaps one of Raleigh's or Gosnold's colonies, vanishing and to be swept away; by and by will come the immortal one hundred and Plymouth Rock, with "MANIFEST DESTINY" written by God's hand on their banner, and the right of unlimited "ANNEXATION" granted by Heaven itself.

It is the lesson of the age. The first cropping out of it is in such a man as John Brown. He did not measure his means. He was not thrifty as to his method; he did not calculate closely enough, and he was defeated. What is defeat? Nothing but education, — nothing but the first step to something better. All that is wanted is that this public opinion shall not creep around like a servile coward, and unbought, but corrupt, disordered, insane public opinion proclaim that Gov. Wise, because he *says* he is a Governor, *is* a Governor, that Virginia is a State because she says she is so.

Thank God, I am not a citizen. You will remember, all of you, citizens of the United States, there was not a Virginia gun fired at John Brown. Hundreds of well-armed Maryland and Virginia troops that went there, never dared to pull a trigger. You shot him! Sixteen marines, to whom you pay $8 a month — your own representatives. When the disturbed State could not stand on her own legs for trembling, you went there and strengthened the feeble knees, and held up the palsied hand. Sixteen men, with the Vulture of the Union above them (sensation) — your representatives! It was the covenant with death and agreement with hell, which you call the Union of thirty States, that took the old man by the throat with a pirate hand; and it will be the disgrace of our civilization if a gallows is ever erected in Virginia that bears his body. "The most resolute man I ever saw," says Governor Wise; "the most daring, the coolest. I would trust his truth about any question. The sincerest!" Sincerity, courage, resolute daring — Virginia has nothing, nothing for those qualities but a scaffold! — (Applause.) In her broad dominion she can only afford him six feet for a grave! God help the Commonwealth that bids such welcome to the noblest qualities that can grace poor human nature! Yet that is the acknowledgment of Gov. Wise himself!

They say it cost the officers and persons in responsible positions more effort to keep hundreds of startled soldiers from shooting the five prisoners sixteen marines had made, than it cost those marines to take the Armory itself. Soldiers and civilians — both alike — only a mob fancying itself a government! And mark you, I have said they were not a government. They not only are not a government, but they have not even the remotest idea of what a government is. (Laughter.) They do not begin to have the faintest conception of what a civilized government is. Here is a man arraigned before a jury, or about to be. The State of Virginia, as she calls herself, is about to try him. The first step in that trial is a jury; the second is a judge; and at the head stands the Chief Executive of the State, who is to put his hand to the death-warrant before it can be executed; and yet that very Executive, who, according to the principles of the sublimest chapter in Algernon Sydney's immortal book, is bound by the very responsibility that rests on him, to keep his mind impartial as to the guilt of the person arraigned, hastens down to Richmond, hurries to the platform, and proclaims to the assembled Commonwealth of Virginia, "The man is a murderer, and ought to be hung." Almost every lip in the State might have said it except that single lip of its Governor; and the moment he had uttered these words, in the theory of the English law it was not possible to impanel an impartial jury in the Commonwealth of Virginia; it was not possible to get the materials and the machinery to try him according to the ugliest pattern of English jurisprudence. And yet the Governor does not know that he has written himself down a *non compos*, and the Commonwealth that he governs supposes it is still a Christian polity. They have not the faintest conception

the world—this blow at Harper's Ferry reveals men. Watch those about you, and you will see more of the temper and unheeded purpose and real moral position of men than you would imagine. This is the way nations are to be judged. Be not in a hurry; it will come soon enough from this sentiment. We stereotype feeling into intellect, and then into statutes, and finally into national character. We have got the first stage of growth. Nature's live growths crowd out and rive dead matter. Ideas strangle statutes. Pulse-beats wear down granite, whether piled in jails or capitols. The people's hearts are the only title-deeds, after all. Your Barnburners said, "Patroon titles are unrighteous." Judges replied, "Such is the law." Wealth shrieked, "Vested Rights!" Parties talked of Constitutions—still, the people said, "Sin." They shot a sheriff. A parrot press cried, "Anarchy!" Lawyers growled, "Murder!"—still, nobody was hung, if I recollect aright. To-day, the *heart* of the Barnburner beats in the statute-book of your State. John Brown's movement against slavery is exactly the same. Wait awhile, and you'll all agree with me. What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.

John Brown has stirred those omnipotent pulses—LYDIA MARIA CHILD is one. She says, "That dungeon is the place for me," and writes a letter in magnanimous appeal to the better nature of Gov. Wise. She says in it, "John Brown is a hero; he has done a noble deed. I think he was all right; but he is sick; he is wounded; he wants a woman's nursing. I am an Abolitionist; I have been so thirty years. I think slavery is a sin, and John Brown a saint; but I want to come and nurse him; and I pledge my word that if you will open his prison-door, I will use the privilege, under sacred honor, only to nurse him. I enclose you a message to Brown; be sure and deliver it." And the message was, "Old man, God bless you! You have struck a noble blow; you have done a mighty work; God was with you; your heart was in the right place. I send you across five hundred miles the pulse of a woman's gratitude." And Gov. Wise has opened the door, and announced to the world that she may go in. John Brown has conquered the pirate. (Applause.) Hope! there is hope every where. It is only the universal history:

> "Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
> But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

pray for his family, O God! We rejoice to feel that thou art with them; that in this hour of their suffering and sorrow, they may have communion with thee; and we pray that they may have a rich experience of thy goodness, of thy love, of the consolation of thy grace. We pray that thou wilt be with them, especially in the scenes of intense suffering which they now anticipate. Oh be thou their guide, be thou their consolation, thou their support. And we rejoice, O! God, that the circumstances which are occurring, all the trying scenes of life, are in thy control. The events which have recently occurred we know are capable of subserving the wisest and most omniscient purposes. The Lord reigneth, and we will ever rejoice. Be with us in the proceedings of the present meeting, and prepare us for all the duties of life, and for the enjoyment of life hereafter; and to thy great and glorious name shall be the praise for ever more.

SPECH OF MR. ANDREW.

At the conclusion of Dr. Neale's prayer, Mr. Andrew said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— Obedient to the commands of the gentlemen who arranged the meeting on this occasion, I am here present to occupy the simple and inarduous duties of chairman. They do not impose upon me the office of speech, and I hardly deem it consistent with the proprieties of the position I hold. It simply is incumbent upon me to say a single word by way of explanation, of the order and arrangement and principles of this meeting, and to present to you the distinguished and eloquent friends who have complied with the invitation of the committee, and are here present to address this audience. Many hearts were touched by the words of John Brown, in a recent letter to Lydia Maria Child:

"I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I also have two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could well do to earn a living. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably."

John Brown and his companions in the conflict at Harper's Ferry, those who fell there and those who are to suffer upon the scaffold, are victims or martyrs to an idea. There is an irresistible conflict (great applause) between Freedom and Slavery, as old and as immortal as the irrepressible conflict between right and wrong. They are among the martyrs of that conflict.

I pause not now to consider, because it is wholly outside of the duty or the thought of this assembly to-night, whether the enterprise of John Brown and his associates in Virginia was wise or foolish, right or wrong; I only know that whether the enterprise itself was one or the other, John Brown himself is right. (Applause.) I sympathize with the man. I sympathize with the idea because I sympathize with and believe in the eternal right. They who are dependent upon him, and his sons and his associates in the battle at Harper's Ferry, have a right to call upon us who have professed to believe, or who have in any manner or measure taught, the doctrine of the rights of man as applied to the colored slaves of the South, to stand by them in their bereavement, whether those husbands and fathers and brothers were right or wrong. (Applause.) And therefore we have met to take counsel together, and assist each other in the arrangement and apportionment of means for the purpose of securing to those

widowed and bereaved wives and families the necessities of mere mortal existence, which the striking down of husbands and sons and brothers has left them bereft of. The committee for this evening had invited to address you the Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mr. Wendell Phillips. Added to these gentlemen was the Rev. George H. Hepworth. Mr. Manning, Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Phillips are here to speak for themselves. Mr. Hepworth has addressed to a member of the committee the following note:—

BOSTON, Nov. 19.

DEAR SIR,—I shall not be with you to-night to speak concerning the great question of the day, because I feel that the advertisement in the papers has compromised my position. It does not tell the truth which is of prime importance to me, that both sides of the question were to be discussed. It gives a decided impression that those who were to speak favored the whole movement, whereas I am severely opposed to it. Feeling that I should be out of harmony with the meeting, I remain away.

Yours, truly,
GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

The gentlemen who invited Mr. Hepworth and the other gentlemen who were present to-night, to occupy this platform, attempted to make themselves explicitly understood, and it is quite a misfortune either to them or Mr. Hepworth, or to all, that they did not succeed in that instance. This platform is entirely free from the expression of any sentiment on the part of those who occupy it, touching the subject matter of the meeting. It was not suspected by anybody that there were two sides to the question whether John Brown's wife and children should be left to starve or not. (Long continued applause.) On that issue I expect no considerable acrimony of debate between the gentlemen of extreme orthodoxy and of extreme heterodoxy whom I shall have the honor hereafter to present to you upon this platform. Gentlemen, all of them, of marked, of intelligent, of decided opinions, and of entire respect for themselves and for their own individuality, they will each present such aspect of this great cause, and of this most touching and pathetic case, as occurs to them. It will not compromise Mr. Phillips that he sits upon a platform consecrated by the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Neale, and it will not compromise the Rev. Mr. Manning that he works to-night side by side and hand in hand with Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the cause of God and humanity. (Applause.) Standing in the valley of the shadow of death,—looking, each man, from himself towards that infinite and eternal centre of life and love and power, the Infinite Father,—all difference between us mortals and men becomes dwarfed into infinite littleness. We are to-night in the presence of a great and awful sorrow, which has fallen like a pall upon many families, whose hearts fail, whose affections are lacerated, and whose hopes are crushed—all of hope left upon earth destroyed by an event which, under the Providence of God, I pray may be overruled for that good which was contemplated and intended by John Brown himself. But this is not my occasion for words. I have only to invite you friends, to listen with affectionate interest and feeling hearts to what you shall hear from hence to-night, and by practical sympathy and material help assuage those sufferings and those griefs. Among other instrumentalities for the aid of the family of Mr. Brown and those of his immediate associates, in addition to the collection which may be realized by the sale of tickets at the door, there will be a committee appointed this evening, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions and donations, of whatever amount, from whatever friends choose to contribute of their substance; and this committee, having a central position here in Boston, will receive contributions from any part of the neighboring country.

I am requested, also, to call attention to the project of Mr. Hyatt, of New York, by which photographic likenesses of Capt. Brown are to be placed on sale in a short time, —the profits of which will go to the benefit of Mr. Brown's family. I am also requested by a gentleman of this city, to say that he has caused the address of Capt. John Brown to the Virginia court, upon the reception of the death sentence, to be printed in this neat form for preservation.

[The speaker here exhibited a large illuminated card, on which the document is printed.] It has the additional attraction of a fac-simile of the signature of Capt. Brown. This will be for sale at the door at the low price of ten cents each. A thousand copies have been struck off, and the whole proceeds will go into the treasury of the committee hereafter to be appointed, the gentleman defraying the expenses of printing himself. (Applause.)

I have now, ladies and gentlemen, the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Mr. MANNING, of Boston.

SPEECH OF REV. J. M. MANNING, OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

I feel greatly indebted to the gentleman who presides over this meeting, for the explanation he has made in regard to the objects which have called us together: for if I had understood the objects of the meeting as they seem to have been understood by the gentleman whose note has just been read, I should have been inclined to stay away. The gentleman who called on me, and invited me to speak here this evening, told me, — and if I have read the notice right in the paper, that also tells us, — that this is a meeting in which we are to express sympathy for the *family* of John Brown. (Applause.) And I suppose that if there were a destitute family in Boston, and I should take my little basket of provisions and go to relieve that family, and should there meet the distinguished gentlemen who are on the stage this evening, and who are to speak to you, or if I should meet others of adverse religious sentiments who may be in the audience, — I suppose we could each leave the little gifts we had brought, and go away without quarrelling. I cannot see any negative to the question. It seems to me it is all affirmative, so far as this is concerned, — and if there is a negative, there is not an instinct of my humanity but it cries out, and tells me not to be on that side. I suppose, from what I have heard, that, so far as religious sentiment is concerned, I am more nearly in sympathy with that prisoner in Charlestown Jail, Virginia, than perhaps others who may address you this evening, and in this respect may number with myself that honored minister of Christ, who has led in our devotions this evening. You have expressed your sympathy with the family of John Brown by purchasing tickets; we express our sympathies by declaring our opinions,— and it is rather difficult for me to speak without alluding to that outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and giving my judgment upon it; and though in some particulars I may differ from many who are present, probably from some who will speak, I think that in the main we shall agree.

The act of John Brown was not one to which I could have advised him. If he had come to me while he was meditating that undertaking, and asked me whether he should go forward or not, I should have told him to refrain. I should have said to him, "You will be performing an unlawful, a foolhardy, a suicidal act." And yet, when I make this remark, I remember that we have fillibusters who go to Central America to liberate those living under Spanish tyranny, as they call it; and it seems to me that if our General Government winks at their iniquity, it has no right to pounce upon John Brown for what he has done, because he is a weak man, alone, and because he has meddled with something which affects the relations of political parties.

"sanctuary of freedom," and a collection was taken in their behalf. And so it grew to a custom. And the last public address that Joseph Warren ever made, a few weeks before the battle of Bunker Hill, was on that occasion, when he was surrounded by British soldiery, some of them standing in the pulpit with him, telling him to desist. But he spoke on like a man, (applause.) and they did not dare to touch a hair of his head. And when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, they changed that celebration, in honor of the event, from the 5th of March to the 4th of July. (Applause.) Thus it is that we have come to have our annual oration on the 4th of July, which has given us so many excellent orations, — Union-saving, — which of latter years have made our City Fathers so much pleasant work, all growing out of that same Boston massacre, to which I could not have advised the leader, if he had come to me beforehand. (Laughter.) Even Daniel Webster has said that "from that moment," the moment when the blood of those men stained the pavement of King street, "we may date the severance of the British empire." And so I say, in regard to my brother, John Brown — if he dies, as it seems he must, for the Virginians are between two fears — an immediate fear that a volcano will explode under them, and a more distant fear that they shall not reap the fruits of political success; and I am afraid that the immediate fear, as is apt to be the case, will overpower that which is more remote, and therefore that John Brown will suffer the sentence which has been pronounced upon him; and if he does, and if that event should be observed next year, when it comes round; and so on from year to year; and if, half a century hence, our children should be rid of this great national curse of slavery, then no one will refer, except with pride and exultation, to the battle of Harper's Ferry. (Applause.) And there will come forth some other Daniel Webster, who, standing at a safe distance from the event, (laughter and cheers,) will say that from the time when John Brown swung between heaven and earth, we may date the beginning of the end of American slavery. There is another parallel in these two cases. It is amusing to read the journals of that early day, especially those in the interest of the English Government, about the year 1770, and to see the curious explanations which they give of the outbreak in King street. They say that it was attributable to the influence of certain hot-headed ministers and others in Boston; some of them are named, — names that we love and honor now. It was said that these had produced an excitement in the country, and encouraged a fanatical spirit, which had resulted in the mob and massacre. But what said the people of Boston? The selectmen called a town meeting, and they went to Faneuil Hall. It was not large enough to hold them; and again they went to the Old South Church. And they appointed a committee — of which, if I mistake not, Samuel Adams was the chairman — to intercede with the Governor, that those two regiments of British soldiers might be removed from the city; for, said they, in substance, we deplore this outbreak, we regret that it has taken place; we fear that there will be other outrages of the same kind, if the incitement is not taken out of the way. Our people are very much excited, and their consciences are awake in this matter; and if you would not see this affair repeated many times, you must remove the soldiers. And, after a great deal of chaffering and hesitating, the Governor complied with the request, and thus the inhabitants were pacified. Now we believe that they located the responsibility where it belonged. We believe that it was the presence of those regiments of British soldiers, and not a few hot-headed ministers, who were chargeable with that outbreak on King street. And just so, we say, with regard to this affair at Harper's Ferry. The journals in the interest of the slave power ascribe it to a few Northern fanatics, who have roused up the baser passions of men; and they say that we are responsible for the bloody acts of John Brown and

his associates. But we say no,—the *regiments* are to blame. The slave power itself standing up there in all its deformity and wickedness in the sight of Northern consciences,—that is the cause. (applause.) and there the responsibility belongs. The wise man, Solomon,—what does he say of oppression? He says that it "maketh a wise man mad." It *does;* and it will make others like John Brown, if it is not taken out of the way. It stands there a continual provocative. We cannot resist such a temptation while we have human instincts, and conscience within us. (Applause.) We may become men of distinction, like John Brown, of Ossawatomie, and Providence will use us to write ominous inscriptions in the presence of this tyrant.

And now it occurs to me, before I sit down to give way to those whom I know you are waiting to hear,—inasmuch as I have alluded to the removal of the great primal cause of these outbreaks,—to speak of the spirit in which we should endeavor to remove the evil of American slavery out of the land. I do not wish to speak unkindly of any who have labored in this glorious cause of freedom, and I will not. But is there not room to suppose, my friends, that we have not manifested enough of that spirit of love which is so powerful in all reformatory undertakings? I do not take back my words; I would not have any men less faithful and plain-spoken, but more so, in holding up the wickedness and violence of this system. But cannot we be loving at the same time that we are manful? Let us be careful that the element of malignity does not mingle in our philanthropy. If we love our fellow-men, we must hate some things; but let us guard that feeling of hatred. My friends, you know how it is with the mother when she corrects her wayward child. You can see the tear in her eye, and her face is full of affectionate emotion, while she is faithful to correct that child. So with the father when he rebukes his son—he weeps and laments in his heart. Let us remember the story of Eva and Topsy. The abuse which that strange little creation received from her owners before she came into the hands of St. Clair, did not make her any better, but worse; nor did the lecturing of Miss Ophelia accomplish the result. It was Eva, going to her and saying, "Topsy, you say nobody cares for you—I care for you—why will you be so naughty?" Faithfulness, mingled with love, generosity and kindly interest, breathed through her efforts to liberate that little one from her wicked whims. And I remember that when our Saviour uttered his anathemas over the city of Jerusalem, he wept, saying, "Oh! that thou hadst known, but it is hid from thine eyes." And when he was pouring forth those malediction upon the heads of the Pharisees, saying, "Woe unto thee Chorazin, woe unto thee, Bethsaida,"—or when in the midst of that storm, while his words fell like thunderbolts upon their devoted hearts, in the midst of it all we hear the voice of love and compassion, musical as the tones of an Æolian harp—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It seems to me, my friends, that we have an *opportunity*, now, to exercise this generosity towards our fellow-citizens of the South. They are in danger; they tremble; they fear for their homes, their firesides, their families, their lives. Now is the time for us to endeavor to devise some means by which the chasm that separates us from them may be bridged over, so that we may go to them and say, "I love you; I do not wish to see your families murdered; I do not wish to destroy your property. But you are engaged in a great sin, American slavery. It is a sin. We must lift up our voices like a trumpet, to show you that it is sinful. But we love you; it is a *national* sin; its roots are in Northern soil (applause) as much as in Southern soil. Let us reason *together* over this matter. And now help us; let us work hand-in-hand in endeavoring to remove from our country this great evil and curse." While we labor in this spirit—manfully, truthfully, faithful to justice and to the right, yet remaining fraternal all the while, if we can unite these

two elements in one effort to remove slavery from the land, then it seems to me that we shall use influences, which, under God's blessing, shall result ultimately in the accomplishment of that for which we pray and labor. And though it should not be done in our time, though we should be gathered to the fathers, and our enterprise should seem to be frustrated, yet, when we lay our heads low we can reflect, as John Brown to-night in his lonely cell may reflect, and as his widow we fear that is to be, and his children and friends may reflect — I say we can all feed our courage with the reflection that

> "They never *fail* who die
> In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
> Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls:
> But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
> Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
> They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
> Which overpower all others, and conduct
> The world at last to freedom."

At the conclusion of Mr. Manning's remarks, Mr. Andrew said: I think the interior of the Old South Church has been extensively remodelled, and I believe the pulpit in which Warren spoke has been removed and replaced by a new one; yet I think the spirit of Joseph Warren sometimes, at least, revisits those ancient walls, sacred to liberty; and that we have heard an echo of his voice to-night. (Applause.) From the Old South Church we will turn our eyes to the battle-ground of Concord. When the monument was inaugurated which marks the spot consecrated by blood-shed in the cause of American liberty, a Concord poet flung a garland from his muse upon its shaft, and the first stanzas may not be inappropriate as his introduction:

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled —
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired a shot heard round the world."

That poet and that writer needs no introduction by one so humble as I, to a Boston assembly. I now introduce to you Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SPEECH OF MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens: I share the sympathy and sorrow which have brought us together. Gentlemen who have preceded me have well said that no wall of separation could here exist. This commanding event which has brought us together, — the sequel of which has brought us together, — eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history, and I am very glad to see that this sudden interest in the hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked an extreme curiosity in all parts of the republic, in regard to the details of his history. Every anecdote is eagerly sought, and I do not wonder that gentlemen find traits of relation readily between him and themselves. One finds a relation in the church, another in the profession, another in the place of his birth. He was happily a representative of the American republic. Capt. John Brown is a farmer, the fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620. All the six have been farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, in Connecticut, was a captain in the Revolution. His father, largely interested as a raiser of stock, became a contractor to supply the army with beef, in the war of 1812, and our Captain John Brown, then a boy with his father, was present and witnessed the surrender of General Hull. He cherishes a great respect for his father as

a man of strong character, and his respect is probably just. For himself, he is so transparent that all men see him through. He is a man to make friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed — (applause); the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. Many of you have seen him, and every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple, artless goodness, joined with his sublime courage. He joins that perfect Puritan faith which brought his fifth ancestor to Plymouth Rock, with his grandfather's ardor in the Revolution. He believes in two articles — two instruments shall I say — the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence (applause); and he used this expression in conversation here, "Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away by a violent death, than that one word of either should be violated in this country." There is a Unionist — there is a strict constructionist for you! (Applause and laughter.) He believes in the Union of the United States, he believes in the Union of America, and he conceives that the only obstruction to the Union is slavery, and for that reason, as a patriot, he works for its abolition. The Governor of Virginia has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that discredits the moderation of our timid parties. His own speeches to the Court have interested the nation in him. What magnanimity, and what innocent pleading, as of childhood! You remember his words — "If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or any of their friends, parents, wives, or children, it would all have been right. No man in this court would have thought it a crime. But I believe that to have interfered as I have done, for the despised poor, I have done no wrong, but right."

It is easy to see what a favorite he will be with history, which plays such pranks with temporary reputations. Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with Brown, and through them the whole civilized world; and, if he must suffer, he must drag official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, and of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. (Applause.) Indeed, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of slavery, when the Governor of Virginia is forced to hang a man whom he declares to be a man of the most integrity, truthfulness and courage he has ever met. Is that the kind of man the gallows is built for? It were bold to affirm that there is within that broad Commonwealth, at this moment, another citizen as worthy to live, and as deserving of all public and private honor, as this poor prisoner.

But we are here to think of relief for the family of John Brown. To my eyes that family looks very large and very needy of relief. It comprises his brave fellow sufferers in the Charlestown jail; the fugitives still hunted in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania; the sympathizers with him in all the States; and I may say, almost every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, like him, and who sees what a tiger's thirst threatens him in the malignity of public sentiment in the slave States. It seems to me that a common feeling joins the people of Massachusetts with him. I said John Brown was an idealist. He believed in his ideas to that extent that he existed to put them all into action. He did not believe in moral suasion; — he believed in putting the thing through. (Applause.) He saw how deceptive the forms are. We fancy, in Massachusetts, that we are free; yet it seems the government is quite unreliable. Great wealth, — great population, — men of talent in the Executive, on the Bench, — all the forms right, — and yet, life and freedom are not safe. Why? because the Judges rely on the forms, and do not, like John Brown, use their eyes to see the fact behind the forms.

They assume that the United States can protect its witness or its prisoner. And, in Massachusetts, that is true; but the moment he is carried out of the bounds of Mas-

sachusetts, the United States, it is notorious, afford no protection at all; the Government, the Judges, are an envenomed party, and give such protection as they give in Utah to honest citizens, or in Kansas; such protection as they give to their own Commodore Paulding, when he was simple enough to mistake the formal instructions of his Government for their real meaning. (Applause.) The Judges fear collision between their two allegiances; but there are worse evils than collision; namely, the doing substantial injustice. A good man will see that the use of a Judge is to secure good government, and where the citizen's weal is imperilled by abuse of the Federal power, to use that arm which can secure it, viz: the local government. Had that been done, on certain calamitous occasions, we should not have seen the honor of Massachusetts trailed in the dust, stained to all ages, once and again, by the ill-timed formalism of a venerable Bench. If Judges cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the State, and to protect the life and freedom of every inhabitant not a criminal, it is idle to compliment them as learned and venerable. What avails their learning or veneration? At a pinch, they are of no more use than idiots. After the mischance they wring their hands, but they had better never have been born. A Vermont Judge, Hutchinson, who has the Declaration of Independence in his heart, a Wisconsin Judge, who knows that laws are for the protection of citizens against kidnappers, is worth a court-house full of lawyers so idolatrous of forms as to let go the substance. Is any man in Massachusetts so simple as to believe that when a United States Court in Virginia, now, in its present reign of terror, sends to Connecticut, or New York, or Massachusetts, for a witness, it wants him for a witness? No; it wants him for a party; it wants him for meat to slaughter and eat. And your *habeas corpus* is, in any way in which it has been, or, I fear, is likely to be used, a nuisance, and not a protection; for it takes away his right reliance on himself, and the natural assistance of his friends and fellow-citizens, by offering him a form which is a piece of paper. But I am detaining the meeting on matters which others understand better. I hope, then, that in administering relief to John Brown's family we shall remember all those whom his fate concerns, all who are in sympathy with him, and not forget to aid him in the best way, by securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts.

MR. EMERSON CONTRIBUTES FIFTY DOLLARS.

Mr. Andrew — Added to the words which Concord has sent hither to-night, also keeping in mind its reputation for deeds, Mr. Emerson was the bearer of fifty dollars to add to the treasury of the evening. (Great applause.) I think, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, the time has arrived to appoint a financial committee to receive this the first offering. I will take the liberty to appoint Messrs. Samuel E. Sewall, Geo. F. Bigelow, John R. Manley, John L. Emmons, and Humphrey Jameson.

Contrasts and comparisons (said Mr. Andrew,) are always disagreeable, at least to one side. Without a single word of remark, I will proceed at once to present to the audience one of whom it can be truly said, none but himself can be his parallel — Mr. Wendell Phillips. (Great applause.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I hardly know, ladies and gentlemen, what there is left me to say, in regard to the cause which has called us together to-night. Certainly, the speakers who have addressed us have covered with wonderful and eloquent sympathy almost all the points which would be spoken of naturally in a meeting like this. And I believe it is an unwonted pleasure, at least to me, to know that a clergyman of the Old South

pulpit has robbed me of the choicest morsel of the speech I was about to make. (Laughter.) No man could come here to this meeting, Boston born, without that parallel in his mind which he has so eloquently presented to us, of the massacre of the 5th of March. Then, as now, full-fed conservatism said it was "madness—a few insane men flinging themselves against an empire." Then, as now, the question was before the courts, and the courts pronounced the law to be against the martyrs of the 5th of March. They acquitted the men who shot Attucks. And my eloquent friend has omitted only one point of the parallel. Then, as now, the citizens flocked to the Old South Church as the appropriate place to express their indignation; and to-day, we do not go to the Old South Church, but, thank God, the Old South Church comes to us. (Applause.) I like this "South-side view" of slavery. (Laughter and applause.) It smacks of the revolutionary flavor. If there is truth in spiritualism, the man who stands in the pulpit of the Old South Church is a medium betwixt Joseph Warren and John Hancock; for truly the sentiments with which they started up the patriotism of the town of Boston are identical with the doctrine which he has preached to us to-night. (Applause.) True, as he has told us, the quiet history of modern times has picked flaws in the brave scenes of that March night, but he recollects well, or I do, that in John Hancock's oration, and Joseph Warren's, the men who felt the full flow of revolutionary fervor in their veins, and who felt what, standing at the head of the Revolution, they owed the martyrs of the 5th of March,—in none of these contemporary judgments is there one word of adverse criticism. On the contrary, there is the fullest and most complete endorsement. I know modern history has picked many flaws in the character of the men of the 5th of March, and later down. One of the most beautiful and touching elements in this event is that, as far as we can see, if we had asked God to make us a man that should stand before the nation as the representative of the American idea, unspotted, dignified, modest, resolute, merciful and Christian, it would seem as if a more perfect representative could not have been given us than the martyr of Harper's Ferry. (Applause.) In every word that he has spoken, in every act that he has done, in the whole history of the conflict, and of everything that has followed it, in the long life upon which the blaze of this event throws backward its light, there does not seem to have been a trait that we cannot with a whole heart honor. (Applause.) We have no apologies to make; we have no excuses to frame; we have no incidents to hide; we have no words to take back. It is the old Mayflower cropping out, and every son of the Pilgrims is able truthfully to say, that what we imagined Plymouth Rock, John Brown is. (Applause.) Read that simple recital in *The Independent* from the lips of his wife; honest, truthful, kneeling daily at his family altar, bringing up his children with daily recognition of their allegiance to God, banishing from his military troops, even in the tumult of Kansas, every man whose lips were familiar with a profane word, allowing neither intemperance, nor anything that could be called sensuality, drawing to himself the very model of the puritans, passing his life in that guise, with one polar star before him from his very boyhood; for you know he says that the first thought that ever turned his heart towards the black race, was when, on a Pennsylvania farm, a boy of ten, he found himself yoke-fellow with a negro of the same age—a smarter boy than himself, says the old man, more capable, brighter, and yet he was half starved, snubbed, oppressed, turned out to the elements, treated like a beast, and he said to himself, (this thoughtful boy of ten years old), "Why should a black skin make that difference between me and him?" and he has never been able to answer this question till to-day. His whole life has been an effort to answer it; and if Virginia sends him to his audit, we may believe that the Supreme Judge will hold that he has

answered it at last. Look at him there in that Armory — not an unnecessary act of violence, not one moment provoked into intemperate action — neither by the death of kindred nor by the rudeness of assailants provoked into a forgetful moment. What scene can history paint for us more impressive? Thank God, it is an American scene. Then that poor old man, brought up at his mother's knees, and taught, in the language of inspiration, that "he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," leaves wife and children poor, friendless, stands behind that armory wall, one hand holding the musket, and the other trying the pulse of his dying son — match it in the sublime moments of human patience, human disinterestedness and human daring. (Applause.) What a contrast to the State of Virginia — what a revelation of national character. The man who inflicted three wounds upon his body testifies, with shameless pride, bearing a military title, that he entered that Armory, saw an unarmed, defenceless man, who had acknowledged his surrender, and was pointed out to him as John Brown, advanced towards him with his sword, and wounded him through the body; the old man, folding his arms, bares his head, and the wretch repeats the blow on his uncovered head. ("Shame!" "Shame!") The man was asked, "Could you have the heart to strike the blow?" "I would have cut his head off with another," said the chivalry of Virginia. Well, is not that, with the folded arms and quiet demeanor, a proper representative of what the Northern idea should be? Could we ask a better symbol for history? Do you say that the world forgets him? I tell you that such instances are not alone. They symbolize a universal feeling. Virginia has seen the only noble heart that this event has manifested within her borders — a girl throwing herself between the muskets and the defenceless breast of one of the victims, clinging to his head and neck to shield him from bayonet and bullet — Miss Foulke. She symbolized the heart of Christendom, throwing itself between Virginia and that infirm old man; and Virginia will yet wake up to the thing and see herself in the ruffian and Christianity in that humane girl.

So much for the man. We come here to remember his children, his wife. He looks back on the world he is quitting, and says to us who owe to him the example of such virtue: "I leave to you my wife and children." Let us prove worthy of the legacy. Let us send him a message to-night from Boston: "We lay your wife and children in the very corner of our hearts; they shall be sheltered; be sure of it before you die." Men say that this enterprise was hopeless. It was an imprudent enterprise. Goethe says there are prudent virtues and there are higher virtues — virtues that never remind us of prudence. This is one of the latter. (Applause). To be sure, it was an imprudent virtue, but we have lived many years and we have heard of a great many instances of imprudent virtue. I have lived twenty years in Boston. I can remember a Western clergyman of this same Mayflower blood — God be praised that it sends out its veins East and West to bubble up wherever it is needed; for wherever there is a fierce battle to be fought for an idea, you can trace its lineage back to old Plymouth Rock. They talk of building a large monument of granite, and the question down there is where to fix its foundation; well I will tell you: they may lay one corner stone at Harper's Ferry and the other at Alton, where Lovejoy flung his life away in the foolish attempt, so Boston said, to vindicate a free press. An Attorney-General said in Faneuil Hall, "he died as the fool dieth"; and a Boston pulpit said, "The guilt of the murder was not on the mobocrats, but on the man that died." The Boston press said, "What a fool — what a fanatic — what a failure — what good has he done?" If you will go to Alton to-day, you will find that the repentant city has taken up his ashes and made him a more honorable monument to the only name that gives a moral interest to Alton. Some night, ten years hence, you won't find this

platform so empty; all Boston will have found out that John Brown's enterprise was not a failure. When did man ever do more? Can you point me to a life, even if it was sixty years long, and had statues raised to it, that taught the American people half as much in seventy years of public life as this Litchfield schoolmaster has taught the American people in a week? It seems to me that in judging lives, this man, instead of being a failure, has done more to lift the American people, to hurry forward the settlement of a great question, to touch all hearts, to teach us ethics, than a hundred men could have done, living each one to eighty years old. Is that a failure? Why, the whole world talks about him. Every man's heart is stirred because of him. A great State turns pale at the memory of him. The whole world will yet ring with the heroism of his attempt. He has opened a light upon the Bastile of America. Is that a failure? Look at that anti-slavery catechism, his conversation with Senator Mason. See the New England farmer looming up a great man, and the dwarf Judges and Senators that stand about him, and the press printing that anti-slavery catechism to the number of 500,000 copies, forcing every American citizen to read it. Why, men say he should remember that lead is wasted in bullets, and is much better made into type. Well, he fired one gun, and he has made use of the New-York *Herald* and *Tribune* for a fortnight. (Applause). Has any man ever used types better? But there is another item. What has he done? He has done this. Edmund Burke says that a nation that calls itself a civilized society and keeps one-half its citizens in slavery is but another name for tyranny. Well, John Brown believed it. We see in this country despotism doing great things illegally, and liberty doing nothing at all exactly according to law. We have seen the Missouri ruffians break into the United States armory in the State of Missouri, take possession of the United States arms, carry them to Kansas and bathe them in the blood of honest men, and the United States government has yet to utter its first word of criticism. Sworn testimony, spread out on the pages of a Congressional document, shows it; and yet the government is silent. John Brown takes possession of the United States armory in Virginia and never touches a gun nor a dollar. The world says he is a madman, guilty of treason, and the United States government is about to try him; that is, to try him in the person of his confederate. They ought to have tried him at first, but you recollect, in the words of the Dred Scott decision, the United States government has no rights which Virginia is bound to respect. The consequence is, that Virginia, after trying the men, has left the United States government only a test man to try the question. Now, John Brown takes these two principles. He says by the whole rule of ethics in civil society that justifies it. Justice is but a sham in the government; I look up at the United States government, and I see that it has a rule that suits its party purposes, not justice. It is not permanent, it is not impartial, it is not universal. Well, such a man as our friend Brown, who, at least, recognizes justice as more than law, and right as his polar star, determines that he will do what in him lies to establish justice. Men say that he is flinging away his life. That is for him to judge. Men say that the result is not worth the sacrifice. Well, now, suppose I could carry you back to Boston streets on the evening after Bunker Hill fight. I will carry you into Hutchinson's house; I will carry you into the parlors of any of the old colonial families. You will hear them saying, "What a pity — Warren's dead; Hancock and Adams have fled; there is a warrant out against them; those deluded soldiers, Mayhew, and Warren, and Sam Adams; how can these men answer it to the widows and children; what fools, a few farmers to fling themselves against the embattled phalanx of the British government." Well, it looked so to men who were accustomed to look up to England; doubtless the tories strengthened themselves, and many a patriot heart sank.

But it was the beginning of the end. Was Warren's life worth giving? What did he establish? He established the example of resistance. He bade the colonies try their strength. He showed them that blood was equal to blood, and that right was right the world over. Luther faced the Princes of Germany, and he went home and the Princes hid him, and the Catholics said, There is your brave man that dare not show himself in the streets; what a boaster he is — a ruined man. The world always attacks us on the eve of one of those defeats which is a victory. But this is Brown's position. Dr. Channing said, in one of his last essays, We have glued our swords to our sides; we have pledged the physical force of the State against the black man, and in favor of oppression; we are all the more bound by every Christian and humane consideration to let no opportunity slip for giving our moral influence in behalf of the slave. That is the way it lay in Channing's mind.

We have given the sword to the white man; now give our tongues to the black. John Brown reasoned differently; he was a Calvinist of the old stamp. The faith is said to be at some discount now; but after John Brown, I think we may pardon a dozen New York Observers. He said, for sixty years we have given the sword to the white man; the time has come to give it to the black. What right had we to give it to oppression? You say it is the government; you say it is the law; you say there is a parchment oath hid back there in 1787. Well, he said to himself, I wonder if, when I go up to God, when, according to Hindoo phrase — "Alone thou wast born, alone shalt thou die, and alone shalt thou go up to judgment" — if when God asks me what did you do for those that are in bonds, when I ordered you to have a heart as bound with them, can I hide myself under the cob-web Constitution of 1787? And he said to himself, Lo, in that hour when I shall stand alone before the judgment seat eternal, as an American, with the guilt of two generations of forgetfulness on my heart, I will carry up the gratitude of the black race in my right hand. If my fathers sinned by promising to support the tyrant in his tyranny, I will not put off repentance to my children; but I will give the best I have, my life and my right hand, for the service of those whom my fathers forgot. In 1787, Massachusetts said, "Let me go home and make money; let me go home and fill my harbors with commerce; let me hear the noise of the shuttle; let me see luxuriousness climb up the sides of my hills, and I swear to forget the bondmen; aye, in the language of one of the sons that is to be born to me, 'I will be ready to buckle on my knapsack to put down the slave insurrection if it should occur.'" And for sixty years she has stood with her foot on the heart of the black man. When the slave in his Carolina hovel was calculating his chances of escape, he brought into the scale against his hopes the marshalled ranks of the white men that he was to pass through before he was to reach the foreign soil. He saw us standing pledged to put him down. No protest that we could utter could reach him. Our white faces under the Constitution of 1787 were conclusive demonstration against us that he had nothing to hope from us. John Brown has taught him, at Harper's Ferry, that there is hope for him amid the millions of the North. He has sent the gleam of a hopeful sun into the hovels of Carolina; he has taught the heart of the bondman to leap up and thank God for the Mayflower. If he has not taught the slave insurrection, and I do not think he has, he has sent him this message: "There are friends for you working — abide your time and help us." I think, therefore, he has taught us a great lesson. He has exemplified a great moral; he has released us from a servility to forms; he has taught us to pierce down to the essence of things. One of these essences is this: Can you look at that old man on his pallet, on the banks of the Potomac; can you know what he is there for, and can your heart gird itself up to accuse him? Can you look back to his home, and not encircle it with your protecting

arms? He has taught us the sacredness of impulse. Men say he will die. Perhaps he will. That indictment is a rag. It is a net with every thread broken. You might expect it — no blame to Mr. Hunter. He prepared it when a whole State was quaking in an earthquake, and had five minutes to do it in. You might have as well asked a man to model a constitution, under such circumstances. It is no shame to Mr. Hunter that he has put on record an indictment with rents in it so large that you might drive the whole population of Charlestown through it, and not touch either side. (Laughter.) Every criminal lawyer knows it. Some men are verdant enough to believe that there is professional character, and legal pride, and State dignity in the Virginia Court of Appeals, to sustain the objections to that indictment. Well, I do not believe it. I do not believe there is anything in Virginia but a puff. There is nothing there to make a Judge out of. If there was anything there that had any professional pride, feeling the eye of the legal profession upon them, they would scout the indictment as a disgrace to the annals of judicial record. But there is not. Virginia, with all her refinements, is too frightened to know which way she is looking; and if John Brown was a raving maniac, with both hands tied, he would be hung all the same. That is my belief. And yet every lawyer knows there isn't yet a thread on which to hang him. But Virginia will find the warrant in her fears. But if he is sacrificed, the banks of the Potomac will be doubly dear to history, and to man, for the ashes of Washington rest there, and history will see forever on its bank that old man on his pallet, arraigned before the pirates. And if they hang him, the Father of his Country will be proud to make room for his ashes beside his grave. (Great applause.) And let history add to the record that he left wife and daughter, and they found son, and father and husband in the American people, that never forgot to tend their footsteps, and to shelter them while God spared them the sight of those in whose veins the blood of the great martyr is running. (Immense applause.)

The audience were now about to separate, when Mr. Andrew claimed their attention.

He said that the arguments upon the writ of error in Brown's case were made on Thursday.. Every legal mind knew that such errors existed in the indictment as would secure a reversal of the judgment, if the case were freed from its present excitements. He spoke of the Court of Appeals as the highest of Virginia, and of the counsel, Messrs. Chilton and Greene, as among the ablest lawyers in the South. There had been no difficulty in obtaining the best of legal counsel to defend these men.

Mr. Phillips here interrupted, to state an incident which he had heard. The wife of one of the counsel who went to Virginia, learning that he had gone to Charlestown, wrote to him, saying: "I fear for you — you may not return to me; but do your duty. I had rather be the widow of a brave man than the wife of a coward." (Great applause.)

Mr. Andrew continued, stating that the gentleman who is the acknowledged head of the Virginia bar, only declined to argue the writ of error before the Court of Appeals because his other engagements would not allow him to give his mind to it with that entirety which he should desire. These incidents, said Mr. Andrew, should not be forgotten; because it was true that, notwithstanding the terrible blight of slavery which curses Virginia and all the South, humanity is nevertheless the same everywhere, and God is nowhere on the face of the earth in human hearts without a witness. (Applause.)

The meeting was then closed without further formality.

SLANDERS UPON JOHN BROWN.

The compiler of this history of the Harper's Ferry Invasion would have only partially performed his duty, did he fail to notice in these pages the following letter, which was received at the Charlestown Post Office just previous to the execution, and which was read to Brown by the Sheriff. It relates to the massacre at Pottawottomie, of some of the border ruffian invaders of Kansas by some of the Free State men whom they had threatened to murder if found in the Territory after a certain day:

To JOHN BROWN, Commander of the Army at Harper's Ferry, Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.—Care of Jailor, Charlestown.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Nov. 20, 1859.

JOHN BROWN—*Sir:* Although vengeance is not mine, I confess that I do feel gratified to hear that you were stopped in your fiendish career at Harper's Ferry with the loss of your two sons. You can now appreciate my distress in Kansas when you then and there entered my house at midnight and arrested my husband and two boys, and took them out in the yard, and in cold blood shot them dead in my hearing. You can't say you done it to free our slaves; we had none and never expected to own one, but it has only made me a poor disconsolate widow, with helpless children. While I feel for your folly, I do hope and trust you will meet with your just reward. Oh, how it pained my heart to hear the dying groans of my husband and children. If this scrawl gives you any consolation you are welcome to it.

MAHALA DOYLE.

N. B.—My son, John Doyle, whose life I begged of you, is now grown up, and is very desirous to be at Charlestown on the day of your execution; would certainly be there if his means would permit it, that he might adjust the rope around your neck, if Gov. Wise would permit. M. D.

Such outrages as are here charged, are certainly not in accordance with the tenor of Mr. Brown's whole past career, and his participation in the affair is denied not only by himself, but by many witnesses who were in the territory at the time, and had the best means of knowing who were the real perpetrators of the Pottowattomie murders. One who was there has written to the Tribune a letter denying in the most positive manner that Brown was present on the occasion; and we have, in addition to much other testimony to the same effect, the following from Mr. Brown's brother, a respectable citizen of Cleveland, Ohio:

A SLANDER UPON JOHN BROWN REFUTED.

(From the Cleveland Herald.)

All who know the character of Brown, of *The Herald of Freedom*, of Kansas, very well know the baseness of his slanders upon his namesake, Capt. John Brown. The brother of Capt. B. has, however, thought it best to notice a republication of one of *The Herald of Freedom's* slanders in *The Plain Dealer*. The letter of Mr. J. B. Brown we give as it appears in *The Plain Dealer:*

CLEVELAND, Nov. 22, 1859.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLAIN DEALER.

You published some time since an article from *The Kansas Herald of Freedom*, charging upon my brother with abetting the death of William Doyle and others. You referred to this subject again in your paper of yesterday.

This statement of *The Herald of Freedom* is wholly false, so far as concerns my brother; and its circulation through your paper is an act of injustice to him, which I trust you would not willingly commit.

I have no doubt that time will rectify all false impressions as to my brother's conduct in Kansas and I have no wish to say any thing at present, by way of changing public sentiment concerning it. But the circulation of this statement of *The Herald*, uncontradicted, is calculated to embitter the few remaining days my brother has to live, and it is for his sake that I trouble you with the following statements:

My brother, at the time William Doyle and others were killed, was not present, did not assent to the act, nor had any knowledge of it, and was eighteen miles distant at the time of the occurrence.

My brother John and his two sons were living in the same neighborhood, and a Committee of five from the Border-Ruffian camp called upon him, and said that they were instructed to warn him that if Free State men were found there the next Thursday night they would kill every one of them, and they could command force enough to carry the threat into execution. My brother replied to them that he should not be found there, and before this, he had made his arrangements to be in another part of the Territory. It was known to the Free State men of that section that this threat to destroy them had been made, and, before Thursday night came, Doyle and others were destroyed — they being of the number of those who had threatened the destruction of the Free State settlers. The effect of this was, the Border-Ruffians became terror-stricken, and left the Territory.

I have this account of this affair from my brother and his two sons; also from a sister and brother-in-law (now living in Kansas), who had personal knowledge of this transaction; and the statements of all of whom upon any subject were never yet questioned by any one having any thing like a perfect knowledge of their characters.

J. R. BROWN.

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY.

(Extract from a Letter to the Editor of the Boston Traveller.)

One of the actors in that affair (the Pottowattomie Massacre) *now dead*, gave me in the summer of '56, a description of it, the causes of the deed and the manner in which it was done; and from that statement, which has been verified by all the inquiries that have been made since, there is no hesitation on my part in declaring that Capt. John Brown was not at the scene, nor a participator in the *righteous* act by which five ruffians were sent to their account. • • • •

Doyle was engaged with others in a fiendish attempt to outrage the persons of Captain Brown's daughter (the wife of Thompson, who while a prisoner in the hands *chivalry of* Virginia was so brutally butchered), and of his daughter-in-law, the wife of one of Brown's sons. • • • • • •

These are facts which politicians cannot blink. I am not a politician, and therefore dare to honor and vindicate John Brown, a man whom I love and reverence beyond all others who labored for the cause of Freedom in Kansas.

In closing, let me say that John Brown told me he was not a participator in the Pottawattomie homicides. John Brown was incapable of uttering a falsehood. I would take *his word* against the *oaths* of a million of Doyles.

December 3, 1859. R. J. HINTON.

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